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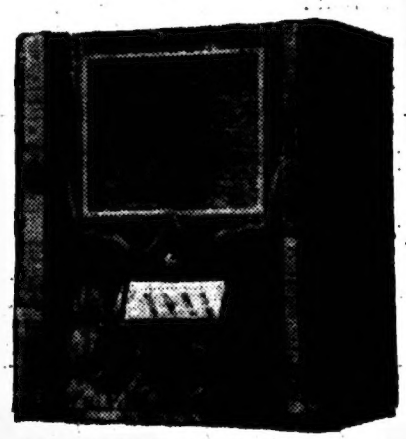

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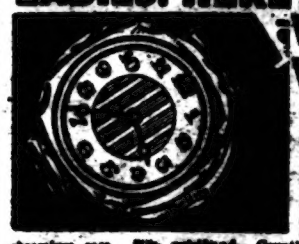

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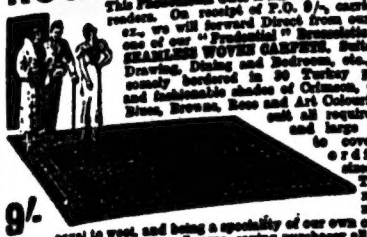

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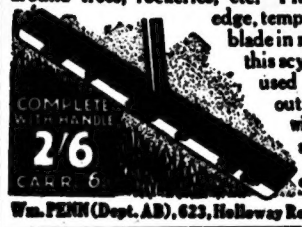

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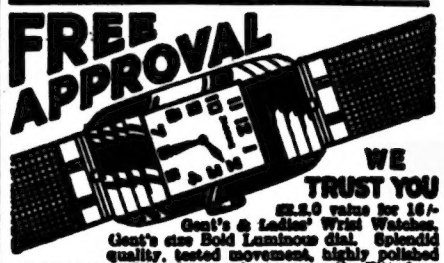

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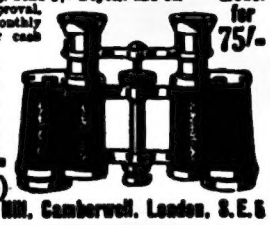

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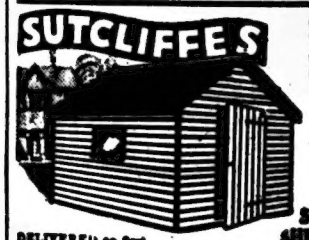

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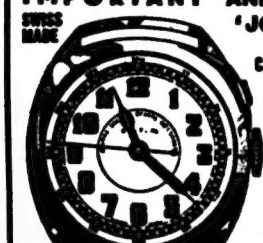

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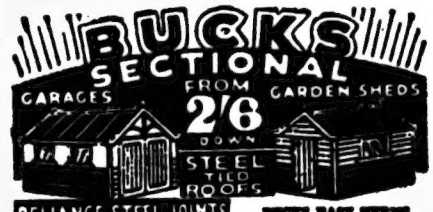

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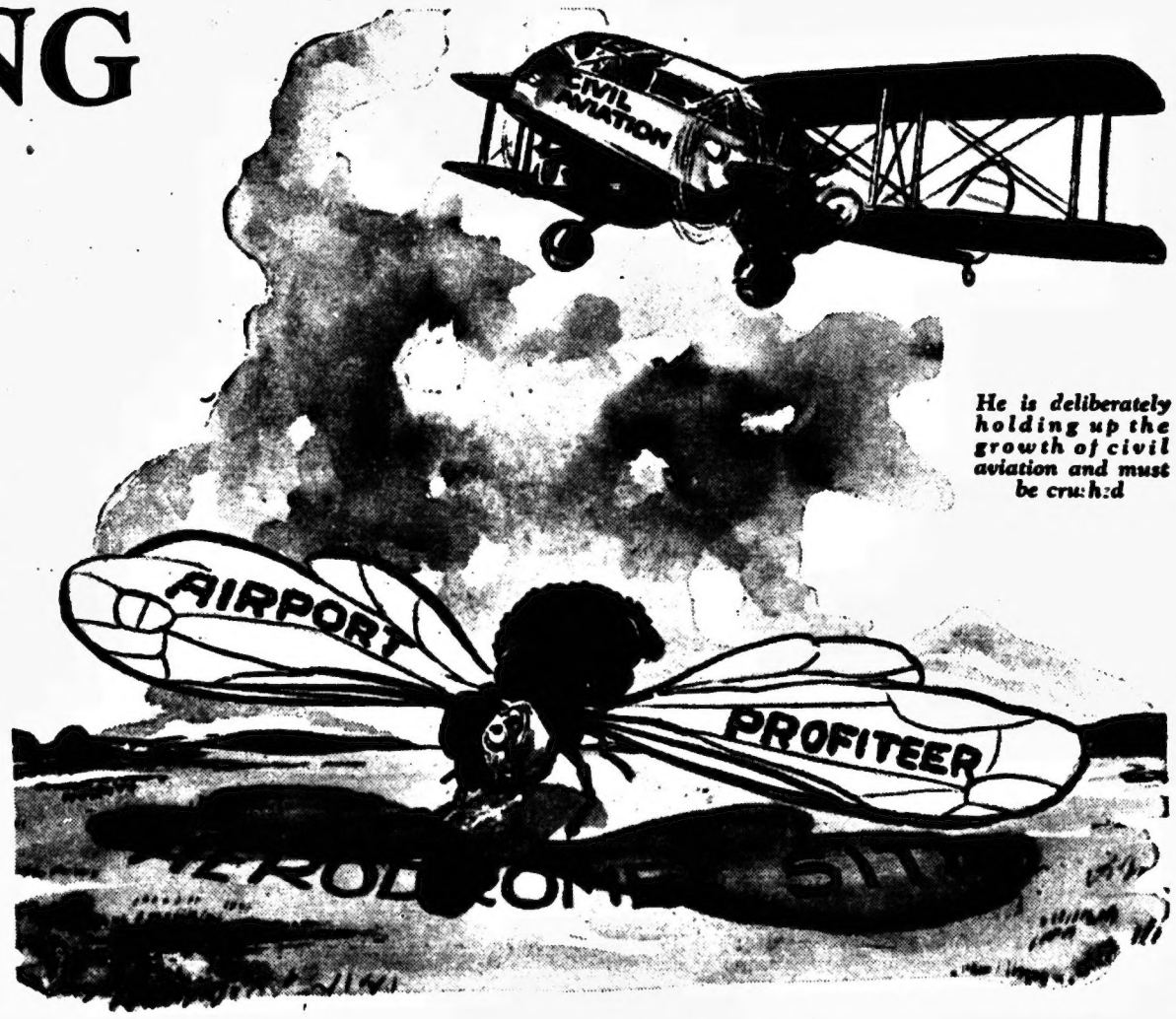
WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

STINGING YOU *for the* AIR!



He is deliberately holding up the growth of civil aviation and must be crushed

YOU may *never* have a flight in an aeroplane—least of all fly one or own one. Your horizon may be bounded for ever by the streets where you buy your food, the place where you earn it, and, in the inner ring, by your own backyard wall.

But willy-nilly you live in the age of flight, and, directly or indirectly, you must help to pay for it. Anything, therefore, which adds in illicit or avoidable ways to its cost is *your* concern.

It is your concern, therefore, that to-day the land racketeer is "cashing in" on the air.

In the fact that for aerodromes we need a special kind of land area—high and level and free from surrounding obstruction, yet close to centres of population—lies the land speculator's chance of fatter profits than any he has ever touched before.

The question is: Are you going to let him get away with it, as he did with road and rail transport? For, remember, you will have to pay.

There was a case recently where one of the most important towns in the kingdom had its eyes on a patch of territory suitable for a municipal aerodrome. The land here is 250 ft. up; it is farmland with no houses near; it is the only area adjacent to the city where an aerodrome is possible. When the Corporation approached the owner of one farm which is on the projected site, he demanded more than three times the amount he had bought it for a few years ago.

THE owner of the other farm demanded more than ten times as much—an amount running well into five figures. This municipality was about to appeal to arbitration. The arbitrator awarded (on an average) about one-sixth of the sellers' claims.

Another major city acquired an airport on an adjacent site. It was driven to it as the only possible area. But other people came to the same conclusion before the City's surveyors reached the spot. So the site has cost £600,000.

According to authoritative statements of property experts who know the values in the neighbourhood, that figure is nearly three times what it would have been a few years ago. *Who is going to pay for this enormous added profit?*

A North-East town built an airport. What it cost that city in capital interest can be gathered from the recent bitter remarks of the City Engineer: "The *average* corporation aerodrome," he said, "costs £5,500 a year to run; and its average yearly income is £250." *Who pays for this huge annual loss?*

There is a national menace as well as a threat to the public's pocket in uncontrolled profiteering in aerodrome land. It is holding up the whole development of civil air transport in this country.

You can fly over five counties and find no airport. From Scotland all down the East Coast to Lincolnshire there are only two landing grounds. Down the west coast of Lancashire there is only one.

The Midlands are as badly off. Down the "backbone" of England you may fly for more than 100 miles and only find R.A.F. aerodromes. You can come down on these only if it is "neck or nothing." Emergency or "forced landings" only are permitted to civil aircraft.

It is the land shark, demanding exorbitant profits on all available aerodrome land, who is responsible for making Britain an air desert.

The local authorities are frightened off. They drop the idea of having an aerodrome until it is forced upon them. When it is, they have to pay the price; or, rather, the rates and taxes payer has to pay the price.

IF the land sharks do not get a direct profit on the actual site itself, they get a whack afterwards—by blackmail. And they do it this way:

As soon as negotiations are completed for the construction of an airport—and it is almost impossible to keep these secret—they buy up adjoining land all round the site. Then up go boards announcing its acquisition, say, for a factory, a housing estate, a dairy farm, and so on.

This would render the aerodrome useless, and its unfortunate promoters are forced to buy up the adjoining land at a fantastic price.

This is the reason why aerodromes scheduled to cost £100,000 in all have cost two or three times that figure and have eventually failed.

It is the reason why there is an average annual loss of £3,000 on most aerodromes and why there are so few.

A few weeks ago Major Proctor, M.P. for Accrington, raised the question of such blackmailing tactics in the House of Commons as a point of national interest and safety. But he got no satisfaction.

John Bull demands, however, that the Air Minister must go into the whole matter of racketeering in aerodrome sites without delay.

The Landlords' NEW Ramp

IN its own expansion schemes the Air Ministry is protected against the land shark by an Act passed about a year ago. It will get its thirty new aerodromes at a reasonable price. It can compulsorily acquire at its own price.

We want similar protective legislation for civil aviation.

As a matter of course all land adjoining acquired sites should be "sterilised" by law against the erection of high buildings. That alone would put the land blackmailers out of business.

But, more important still, the purchase of all sites should be through a compulsory arbitration process, such as now exists for land acquired under the Distressed Areas schemes. That will save the pockets of the public, who in the end must foot the bill for Progress.

In all the hullabaloo about fighting aircraft and the air defence schemes, the progress of civil aviation has been forgotten. It must be remembered again—quickly.

We *must* have aerodromes, and plenty of them, at the least possible cost. And the speediest and best way to bring this about is to bring a legislative chopper down, good and hard, across the land shark's maw.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Why Hore-Belisha is Angry with the P.M.G.

BEHIND the Parliamentary scene a deadly duel is being arranged.

The principals will be Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport, and Major Tryon, the Postmaster-General.

They will be fighting on a big issue—whether or not Government servants are above and not liable to the common rules for the preservation of public safety on the highways.

Your life may one day depend on the result of the passage-at-arms.

We are backing Mr. Hore-Belisha. Anyhow, he has right on his side.

Dismissed

The conflict has arisen over a police-court case at Warwick a few days ago in which a Royal Mail van driver was charged with exceeding the speed limit.

Police officers in plain clothes stopped him by the usual methods—lowering a blind with the words, "Stop! Police,' at the back of their patrol car and then proving their identity by exhibiting their warrant cards.

There was no doubt of the man's guilt. By disregarding the safety laws, he was a potential killer.

Yet the charge was dismissed.

P.M.-G. upset

More than that. The magistrates, through their chairman, the Hon. A. E. Parker, virtually apologised to the accused driver and to the Postmaster-General.

They went so far as to reprimand the police officers who had dared, in plain clothes, to stop a mail van driver who was breaking the law and imperilling other road users

They were inspired to take this extraordinary course because it was stated that the Postmaster-General was "very much perturbed."

The consequence

We are sorry that Major Tryon's susceptibilities should have been hurt. But Mr. Hore-Belisha has much greater reason to feel aggrieved.

When they come to cross swords, we hope the Transport Minister sends his weapon home to the hilt.

For it is a case of one Government chief letting down another who is trying to do his job well. The Postmaster-General has driven a big and ugly nail into the coffin of the road safety measures.

His squeal

Major Tryon's "perturbation" regarding a Post Office servant having been challenged for law-breaking by ordinary and legitimate methods, is no different from that of the burglar who complained that the police did not use fair methods because they wore plain clothes and rubber-soled shoes when detecting him.

And if Post Office van drivers are to be licensed to drive in excess of the permitted speed, every one of the tens of thousands of drivers of Government and other publicly owned vehicles will soon also claim immunity from the law.

Mr. Hore-Belisha is well justified in demanding a duel. Road slaughter will be still worse if the methods of enforcing the law are not the same for all.

Warship mystery

We feel rather uneasy about the two battleships just ordered from Birkenhead and the Tyne. No tenders have been invited "owing to the urgent nature of the work."

Their cost will not be known for some time. Even their design is apparently still unsettled. So until this is fixed, the contractors name the price, and the First Lord of the Admiralty gives his decision, everyone is in the dark.

Odd system

We know that the *Nelson* and *Rodney* cost something like £15,000,000. We also remember a dispute over compensation when certain contractors found they were out of pocket on them.

And finally, thanks to a pet system of the Admiralty, warship costs are worked through successive Estimates in bits and pieces. Nobody, therefore, can get actual prices without great difficulty.

But surely the public is entitled to know the cost of the bill it will have to foot?

Air strike?

Again, the aircraft construction programme may be held up by a strike unless the Government says quickly what price it is going to pay manufacturers for the planes they deliver.

Though the programme has been in operation for more than a year the Government still says it cannot fix the final figures and is only making payments on account.

Meanwhile the workers, unable to secure higher wages owing to this uncertainty, are going to ballot on the question of a strike.

No poultry—by order

Last week we attacked the tyranny of local councils which forbid their tenants to keep a dog. This week we shall say something of a similar ban—on poultry keeping.

On hundreds of municipal estates householders are being deprived of this popular and productive hobby. Even in districts where destitution is widespread, they are not allowed to keep a few hens to turn kitchen scraps into new-laid eggs.

Defeat the autocrats

Where the poultry houses are insanitary we can understand the authorities taking action in the interests of everyone concerned. But, except in such cases (and they are few), the prohibition is merely a further instance of the growing encroachment on the people's rights.

Indignation, we know, is widespread, and we are not surprised to learn that the *Feathered World* is receiving hundreds of complaints.

We can only hope that the householders affected will lose no time in combining to defeat the autocrats.

Warship Mystery to Clear Up

Hands Off Poultry Owners

"You're exceeding the speed limit," says P.C. Belisha to P.M.G. Tryon. And why shouldn't he?

At last!

Millions of people will be glad to hear that the B.B.C.'s Sunday programmes will soon be brighter. We fancy that listeners will also be relieved when the economy-ridden weekday programmes of the summer give way to the more ambitious ones of the autumn season.

Needless tragedy

No doubt you have read the story of William Thomas Russell, a London widower who did not understand his children. The two eldest—aged fifteen and thirteen—decided to leave home; then Russell took his life and left this message:

"Through ignorance, threats and whippings, I have driven my two dear children from their home. God forgive me."

We shall not point the moral. But let us hope it will not be lost on the thousands of parents who "do not understand their children."

Eight pints a penny

Clubs often get ill-natured criticism from our magistrates. But sometimes criticism is deserved.

Newcastle justices rightly condemn raffling for drinks. They are shocked because a club member, who received the worst of a bout with the steward, had won eight pints of beer with a penny ticket.

What a set-back for those out to reduce liquor restrictions—and what glorious propaganda for the teetotal cranks!

Doubtful training

We have never enthused over the compulsory attendance of young people at training centres. The fining of an unemployed Gateshead widower for not sending his 16-year-old daughter to a Ministry of Labour school she has already attended for two years doesn't lessen our antipathy.

Though since her mother's death she has had to look after the home, Ministry officials still insist that she should go to school in the afternoons, despite her father's protest that she is taught only fancy embroidery.

In our opinion the prosecution of the parent and the persecution of the child are equally unjust.

Faster trains

The L.N.E.R. does well to speed up some of its trains, including the famous Flying Scotsman. We have been wondering for a long time why so many expresses of 1936 are slower than those of 1910.

Slow coaches?

Complaints are being made of delay in the delivery of air mails coming into Britain. In one case letters franked for express delivery arrived in London at 5 o'clock but did not reach their destination until 10. The same thing happened every day for a week.

In another case, urgent delivery was required for Sunday. The letter arrived at Croydon before 10 a.m. but did not reach Victoria until 12.30, and 7s. was charged for that stage of the journey!

The P.M.G. has done good work in reducing rates for air mails and extending services. We feel sure this sort of inefficiency has escaped his notice.

Her deserts

After reading of a man at Bishop Auckland getting only two months' jail for battering a woman with a poker, three months' hard labour seems a bit severe for stealing £3.

But let no one sympathise with the thief, Mildred Edna Drake, for she stole the money from the jacket of a man who had dived into the river Yare, near Norwich, to rescue a drowning man.

Mildred lives by the riverside. So, of course, do other species of rats.

Better be sure

We must commend the London County Council for taking steps to ensure that all balconies and balustrades on the Coronation route shall be perfectly safe for spectators.

A test in time may well save a score of tragedies.

The real reason

Think twice about the reason given by Leeds employers for the lack of shorthand-typists in the West Riding. Better trade, they say, is allowing more girls to get married and drop out of the labour market.

Yet these hard-headed Yorkshiremen must know that the Leeds girl gets 25s. and her sister in London 45s. for a week's similar work.

If the employers unbutton their pockets their troubles will probably cease.

It can be done

Farmers who stubbornly refuse to pay proper wages might take a lesson from Mr. Lloyd George. On his farm at Churt he pays his labourers 40s. to 45s. a week. The local rate is 31s. Yet "L.G." makes his farm pay.

And in New Zealand the Government decrees that farm workers shall have a minimum of 42s. 6d. a week in addition to board and lodging and paid holidays.

We have always maintained that farming should not need to be subsidised by sweated labour.

No surprise

A newspaper is surprised because young airmen sitting for examinations in London, Baghdad, Karachi and other centres have to supply their own black and red ink.

"It has always been a rule in these examinations," says the Air Ministry. "We can't give any other reason."

And who would dream of finding a better reason for many official regulations?

Freedom

Foreigners say that Britain is still best. Aliens are being granted naturalisation certificates by the Home Office at the rate of more than 200 a month. And among the biggest groups are Germans and Italians.

Who can be surprised that the prospect of having to go back to enjoy the blessings of their own countries doesn't appeal to them?

Don't argue

Motorists who feel inclined to dispute the exact meaning of the word "Halt" would do well to ponder the words of a police court clerk.

What does it mean if it doesn't mean "halt"? he asks. "The sergeant-major says 'halt,' and if the men don't stop they hear something about it."

Yes, and as happened in the case in court, if the motorist doesn't stop he not only hears about it but gets fined.

Because of the number of fraudulent claims, officialdom has become harsh in its dealings, and the innocent majority are made the victims of the deceivers

PENSION FRAUDS *by the Thousand*

JOHN BULL readers are familiar, from the numerous disclosures in our pages, of the harsh methods used by Government officials in dealing with stricken or aged pepole who are claiming pensions or allowances that are their legal dues.

When the authorities are challenged about what appears so often to be the employment of inquisitorial methods in the investigation of claims, they have always one stock answer. It is that they must be more than rigorous because daily they are confronted with an astonishingly large number of cases of fraud—attempted and successful.

Their attitude now is, in effect, that the position is so grave that every claim has to be scrutinised and enquiry into it conducted on the assumption that it is possibly fraudulent.

Imposition, misrepresentation and downright deceit and trickery have become so rampant, they say, that the interests of the taxpayers demand a vigilance which can only be maintained by what may seem to the ordinary person to be merely an exhibition of official obtuseness and persecution.

JOHN BULL declines to accept explanations like these as full justification of the high-handed autocracy that wounds helpless people. But one thing we do allow—*that much of the hardship that is imposed on the innocent is a direct result of the operations of countless cheats.*

It is chiefly because of this menace to public funds that when a dispute arises over a claim the authorities almost invariably take the benefit of the doubt.

Of one thing there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is the curious belief which has grown amongst certain classes of people since the State social services began to be developed that the Treasury is fair game for fraud.

It is astounding, indeed, that many do not seem consciously to regard their deception as fraud. They look upon the filching of money from the Exchequer as a legitimate reward for the exercise of their wits.

To-day nearly four million people in this country are in receipt of pensions and allowances of one kind and another, totalling more than £100,000,000 yearly. The number of cases of successful fraud that are found among them and dealt with by prosecution in the courts, it is well known, is only remotely related to the suspected prevalence of this form of robbery.

It is also recognised that it amounts to much more than simple cheating by ignorant or stupid people. Trained and clever minds have been at work evolving cunning and ingenious modes of roguery.

Unmarried wife

A large number of artistic methods of exploiting the pensions regulations have become known to JOHN BULL, but we do not intend to make them known for the obvious reason that they could be easily and freely copied.

There is, however, one common type of pension fraud, the perpetrator of which is entitled to some measure of sympathy. She is what is known as the "unmarried wife"—her number is legion—whose man died in the war or in consequence of the war. From the day he enlisted she drew a married woman's allowance, and now she continues to receive a war widow's pension.

She would cease to draw it if she could, and resort to poor law relief instead. But she cannot, without revealing a terrible secret. If she stopped drawing the pension she would have to make it known to her grown-up sons and daughters that she was never married to their father, and that they are illegitimate.

There are tens of thousands of these cases. They arose because men wanted to do their duty in wartime, but realised that if they went on service and told the truth about their domestic position, there would be little or no provision for their "unmarried wives" and children. So they declared themselves to be married, and in many cases changed their names to correspond with those on copies of false marriage certificates.

The deception originated in wartime with the men. Morally, the women are entitled to pension, and, usually, these cases, where a secret has had to be guarded for twenty years, are more worthy of sympathy than punishment and retribution. But the fact remains that each of these women has taken from public funds in that time about £1,600 to which she is not technically entitled.

By far the commonest class of fraud exists among widows whose sons were killed in the war, and for whom they were awarded dependents' allowances. Great numbers of these women have remarried and, therefore, become automatically disqualified from obtaining these allowances. Every six months they have to sign a certificate that their matrimonial conditions have not changed, and they deliberately withhold the information about their remarriage.

Only slightly less in number are the cases of women who lost husbands in the war, and who continue to represent themselves as widows and to draw pensions although they have married again.

A startling disclosure made at recent inquests by eminent pathologists, among them Sir Bernard Spilsbury, is that men have been drawing life pensions for diseases which were supposed to have been contracted on war service, but which their deaths revealed that they never had.

The explanation is a remarkable one. It is that there has been nothing less than large-scale personation. Men who did not suffer in the war have been receiving pensions because other men with war disabilities and pensions have gone forward and assumed their identities.

Plunder shared

For instance, John Brown applies for a pension to which he is not entitled, and could not possibly obtain. His place is taken at the medical board by William Smith, who is already receiving a legitimate pension. The two partners in the fraud divide the plunder of the second pension.

It is not generally known that this fraud is believed to exist so extensively that the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons has expressly devised machinery by which large numbers of pensioners are chosen at random every week and required to prove their identity. It would not be in the public interest to reveal the methods by which this secret investigation is carried on.

The newest class of pension, that granted to the widows and children of men who were insured, has been a fruitful field for the trickster. Only in the last few months more than 600 cases of spurious widows drawing pensions have come to the knowledge of the Ministry of Health.

Recently the Government Auditor-General made only a partial examination of a small number of cases where fraud had been suspected. He discovered right away, however, eighteen women whose marriages were illegal, and who were not really widows, and one woman who, when applying for pension, had presented marriage lines which were not her own.

Then there were ten women who were drawing other people's pensions. They were impersonating women who were separated from their husbands or who had disappeared and who were unaware that their husbands had died.

Hidden income

Even more remarkable were discoveries of women drawing widows' pensions in addition to war pensions, and of women who had obtained pensions by presenting insurance cards which referred not to their own husbands, but to other men who had died.

JOHN BULL cannot allow the citation of examples like these to pass without the comment that, in many cases, the officials who were responsible for the pensions and allowances being paid deserve punishment for their laxity as well as the actual offenders.

It is difficult to conceive any possible condonation of the official ineptitude which, for instance, has allowed a woman not only to receive an illegal pension, but allowed her to continue drawing it during two terms of imprisonment.

There is least fraud among old age pensioners. The machinery of detection has been made so perfect that age falsification has become almost impossible. The only deception that is anything like rife is that of failing to disclose all sources of income and investments, and, more often than not, the false information is supplied in ignorance or by misunderstanding.

That is the case the authorities can put forward when they seek to defend the inquisition that accompanies the grant of statutory pensions. The innocent majority are made the victims of the deceivers.

When *Parents* Fight it's the *Bitterest* Fight of All . .

WHOSE

AND the king said, Bring me a sword. And they brought a sword before the king.

And the king said, Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other. . . .

The problem of Solomon, three thousand years ago, has become a greater problem than ever before in world history.

There have never been so many feuds raging round the custody of children as there are in these days of record divorce and separation statistics. And never have they been more bitterly conducted.

There has been the long and costly litigation to decide the custody of film-star Mary Astor's daughter. Before that, the fight of the Bartholomew family as to the possession of brilliant young film prodigy Freddie. On top of that, the efforts of a husband to wrest his daughter from another famous mother, Ann Harding.

An even more astounding case is to come before the British courts shortly, in which two parents will be involved, and in which it will be contended that the wealth of the husband is one reason why his child should be put in his care.

Money problem

It is an interesting point, because British law lays down as a general practice that the well-being of the child should be the first and paramount consideration in all child custody cases. "Is money the biggest factor in a child's well-being?" is a question for the judges to decide.

Hardly a month without some such spectacular tug-o'-war between notabilities with a helpless morsel of humanity as the rope. They are reflected in the newspapers of countries the whole world over.

Yet it is probable that a modern Solomon would find his biggest problems not in such notorious cases, but in the thousands that come before our magistrates every year without ever earning a line in the newspapers at all.

Such incidents in the comparative obscurity of the lesser courts as: "But she's as much mine as his," cries a wayward mother to the magistrates who are separating her from her aggrieved husband, and are contemplating giving him the care of the only child. They happen every hour that our courts are open.

There was the problem that a northern bench had to face, recently, of a mother and father, living apart, whom the law said were both fit and proper people to have the care and custody of their four-year-old son —and the stark tragedy that the little fellow at last became too ill to travel from one to the other.

Neither mother nor father could change their place of residence. In any case, the little chap had become so much of an invalid that a doctor said that he needed a *permanent* home.

What could a modern Solomon have said to that?

There was terrible heartbreak for the mother in the decision. The father had to be given sole charge of the child—the mother denied him completely.

No more journeys up to Airdrie in Scotland to "see mummie"—not because she isn't a splendid mother in every sense of the word, but because the courts have to study educational welfare, comfort, health and so many points that come under the heading of "general well-being," and on balance it seemed that perhaps the father could give better help to the little invalid.

What case that has filled columns of the Press of the world could be more poignant than that?

There was, yet again, the problem that followed a recent divorce case that came before Lord Merrivale, who, seeing himself faced with a problem which would indeed have baffled Solomon, declined to make an order as to custody. It was a case in which both sides deserved the baby, but how could that be solved?

Smile of Victory:—Ann Harding, the film star, with her daughter Jane, whom her former husband attempted to wrest from her

It was tragedy for the mother in this case, too.

The point that weighed with the judge was that the baby had been born and had lived all his life with his mother and father in the home of his paternal grandparents. To have given the mother possession would have meant the child going to his maternal grandparents.

"The best for the child," the judge decided, was that it should remain among the people to whom it had grown most used. And so, without any order as to custody, the judge ordered that the child should remain under the paternal grandfather's roof, except at holiday times, and that the mother should have constant access. A heartbreaking decision again, yet what else could be done?

A mother, separated from her husband, had to have her home for a fortnight under the observation of the Morden magistrates, to decide the truth of an allegation that although otherwise a fit and proper person to have the care of her two children, she sometimes gave way to screaming fits which frightened the babies she admittedly loved very dearly.

A mother's rights? A father's rights? The courts recognise no such thing when it comes to a fight over the custody of the child.

No armistice

The court is not to take into consideration "whether the claim of the father is superior to that of the mother, or the claim of the mother is superior to that of the father," says the Guardianship of Infants Act under which the Solomons of to-day must adjudicate.

And so, all too often, the child must go to the parent it likes the least—the parent who loves it the least. Then indeed is the tragedy of the battle for the child complete.

Well, the fact remains that not one in a hundred of these battles ends with the judgment of a court, as any probationary officer will confirm. They are indeed the bitterest fights of all. They know no armistice.

Sometimes they have been carried to dreadful conclusions, as in the case of a Leicester man, allowed to take his child into the park on certain occasions every week, who finished up by killing the baby he loved.

Playing with it in the Fosse Park, he thought he detected a coldness in its manner that hadn't been there before, fancied that the mother had misused custody to turn his child against him. So he turned on it and killed it.

That fear that the child's mind is being poisoned is in the mind of every parent who loses in such a struggle, even those who get custody for a few months in

every year, or at holiday times, or at weekends. And all too often such fears are well founded. Thousands of men and women sink to this basest of all forms of revenge.

No, often these battles know no armistices. The losers never give up hope. They watch and watch for something that will enable them to persuade the courts to reverse their previous judgments, and sometimes resort to some such desperate measures as kidnapping.

There was the Southend father who tried, as a final card, the allegation that his baby wasn't thriving in the care of his wife. He knew quite well that nothing would move a court to action quicker than that.

But the wife had better cards in the shape of two certificates, one of which proved that the baby in question had won first prize in a British Legion baby show, another to show it had been a prizewinner for general health and beauty elsewhere.

There was the Salford wife who maintained that a man couldn't manage a child like a woman—and pointed to the fact that her husband had been given custody. The husband's reply to that was that he had brought a sister all the way from Australia especially to look after it, and the court soon found

CHILD?

She doesn't seem to mind! — Little Marylyn Astor interviewed by her mother, Mary Astor, her father (left), Franklyn Thorpe, and a lawyer. Her parents' fight for her custody has been followed by people all over the world

Together — for a while. Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt experienced the pangs any other mother would have felt, when the court decided that she may spend only week-ends with her eleven-year-old daughter Gloria

that she was a thoroughly competent and kindly person.

Beaten again in the fight she could never give up, the wife looked up hopelessly at the bench. The chairman of the magistrates gave an appealing glance to the sister from Australia. "Be charitable," he said. "Be really charitable, and let the mother see her baby frequently."

Then there was the case of the boy who committed some small misdeed that brought him before the Wimbledon Bench. An excited little woman bobbed up in court—his mother, all the way from Birmingham.

"He's not being kept under proper control," she alleged. "I know. I have been coming down from Birmingham on the off-chance of seeing him walking on Wimbledon Common, and I say that there are times when he doesn't go home till late."

Then there was the boy who, hearing his divorced mother pleading for possession of him, said bluntly: "I don't want to go to her. I like the woman dad's married." No word that could be written could emphasise the tragedy of that for a woman who was hoping—and waiting.

Snatched in court

There have been kidnappings in plenty. A Wealdstone woman had her baby snatched from her very arms the moment she had heard the magistrates pronounce that she was to have the custody of it. Her husband's brother rushed out of court with it: hid it away.

One case provided chases and thrills that not even the average Hollywood thriller could surpass. It happened eighteen months ago.

The time had come for a father to take charge of a seven-year-old son of whom he was allowed to take possession at holiday time, although the mother was given custody of him for the rest of the year. The father applied for permission to take the lad to Felixstowe, but the mother, ever vigilant, learned that he had been taken to Cambridge instead.

So she jumped on a Cambridge-bound train, only to find that the husband from whom she was separated was on the train, too.

The chase began at Cambridge station, where they both made a mad rush for taxi-cabs. Unable to follow her husband, she made for the police station, where she was able to get the address at which her son had been staying.

But when she got to the house, the boy had gone.

Now luck came to her aid. Taxiing round in search of clues she noticed her husband's face framed in the window of another cab. A word passed from her to her driver. The husband little suspected that he was being pursued.

Convict's plea

At last the front cab stopped. The father lifted the little son from the floor of the vehicle. He made as if to set him down. And then a hurricane of enterprising motherhood swept by him, snatching the child from his arms as it did so.

"Mummie, mummie," cried the boy, and a cab door slammed noisily. *The mother had won.*

How pathetically some of these defeated parents try, even when all hope is gone.

Mothers have kept up the battle when they have sunk to penury, fathers even when prison doors have closed on them, and "custody" you would think was a meaningless phrase.

One such struggle came into the light of day at Leeds Assizes recently. A convict stood in the court, two warders with him, pleading for the custody of his little girl.

He had tried to murder her mother. That's why he was in prison. The mother, for her part, was seeking divorce. The possible loss of his child for good was the ever-present nightmare of his prison cell.

"What does he propose to do with the little girl if I give him custody?" asked the judge. "Is he going to take her to Dartmoor?"

A would-be murderer — but loving somebody. How he would have loved to take that child somewhere, anywhere, as long as nobody else had her!

Yes, there are ten thousand times more of these desperate struggles for "custody" than ever gain the prominence of newspaper headlines. Every day more of them reach court. Every day hundreds of them that the courts regard as settled enter on new phases—for it has been found that a beaten parent never gives up hope.

They go along to probation officers, these losers, begging, praying for help.

"She is teaching the child to hate me." . . . "It was my turn, but every time I go along he says my little boy is ill and can't be left with me." . . . "Do you think I coul get my little boy for just three months. The doctor says I haven't got long to live." . . .

Dramas in cameo—among the worst dramas that come the way of these quiet workers of the police courts, and that's saying something.

And nothing that can be done offers a solution satisfactory to both sides

That's why the bulk of these battles over children, who must stand by wistfully and silent, are waged so remorselessly. Time may temper them down a little, but most of them end only with the grave.

A HOSPITAL TRAGEDY

THAT a mother six hours after her confinement was given a heavy meal of meat, gravy, potatoes and a pudding was one of the serious allegations made concerning the recent death in the County Hospital, Carmarthen, of Mrs. Elizabeth Davies, the thirty-year-old wife of a local farmer.

That another woman patient in the same ward of the hospital was given a "good shaking" by a nurse because she had dared to complain about the inconsiderate treatment of herself and other patients was a further allegation.

After having investigated the facts which lie behind these allegations, there can be little doubt that the complaints made by relatives against the nursing staff of the County Hospital, Carmarthen, were justified.

Mrs. Elizabeth Davies was a normal, healthy woman about to go through the ordeal of childbirth, and after two days in the hospital her baby girl was born. Six hours later at midday this poor woman, slowly recovering from her ordeal, was given the unsatisfactory meal, though she waved away the nurse who placed it before her.

Yet Mrs. Davies having refused this unsatisfactory food was offered no alternative, and she lay in an exhausted state in the ward without food or sustenance of any kind until cocoa and a little bread and butter were brought round to her at tea-time.

It so happened that Mrs. Magdalen Davies, of Tirpab, Dresslwyn, who was a patient in the same ward as the late Mrs. Elizabeth Davies, protested at the treatment meted out to the patient.

The result of this intervention was that she was given, to use her own words, "a good shaking" by the nurse.

And the condition of the woman who had given birth to a baby girl remained practically the same until five days later, when she had a relapse. A week later she died.

In these circumstances the grief-stricken father, a farmer of Pantglas, and other relatives, determined that a protest concerning the treatment of the dead woman should be made.

This view was also held by the coroner's jury which, after a long hearing of the case, added a rider to their verdict of "Death in accordance with the medical evidence," that "we consider the administration of the nursing side of the hospital leaves much to be desired."

There have also been complaints that the system of patients ringing bells to attract the attention of nurses in another part of the building did not work satisfactorily.

From first to last there is no complaint concerning the actual medical treatment of the dead mother, but the circumstances of the case indicate that the nursing arrangements at the hospital require overhauling and the introduction of more effective organisation.

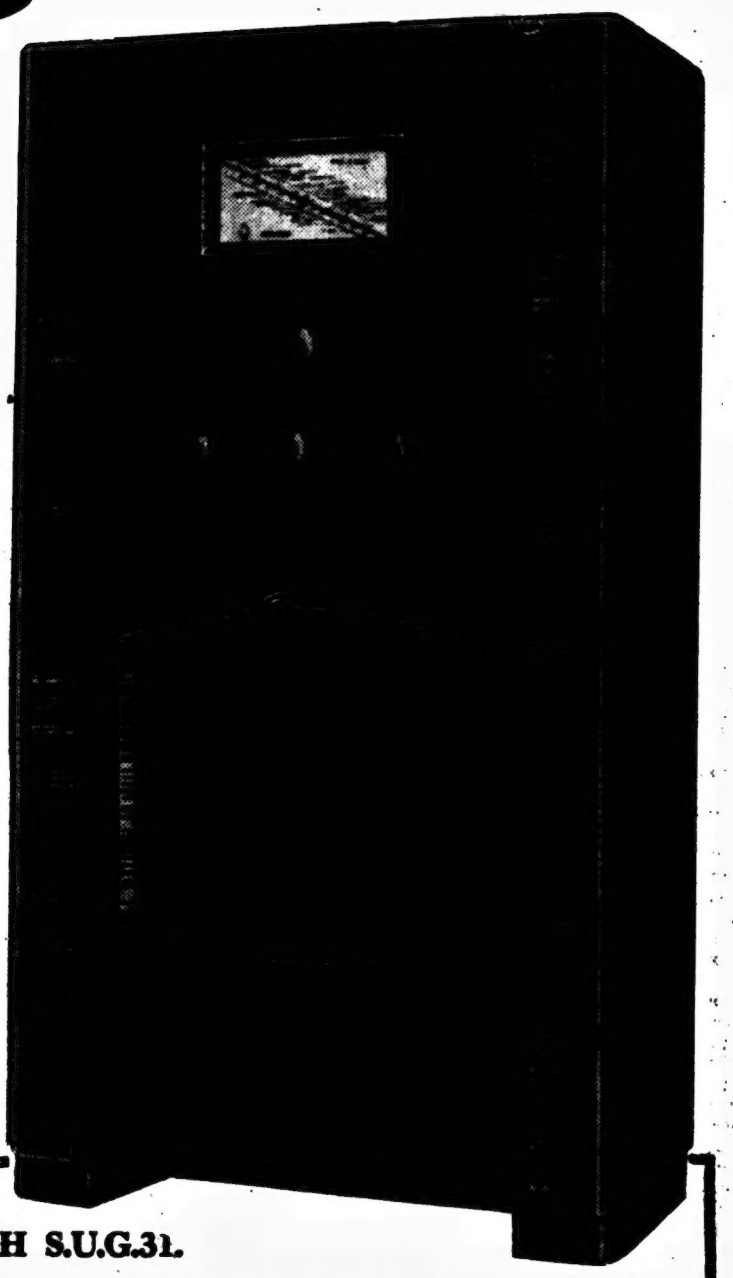
IT'S BIG

in every way except in price, *says Christopher Stone*

WHATEVER the height of your brow, I'm quite certain you won't look down on this magnificent Bush console model — although, I'll admit, it's not *really* as big as it looks in the picture. But, seriously, if you prefer good tone and quality of reproduction to hearing a war-dance in Abyssinia or a commentary on a camel race in the Sahara, this big console is certainly worth your consideration.

It brings in all the worthwhile continental programmes — and reproduces them through the big 10-in. speaker with unbelievable fidelity and depth of tone. You really must hear it and judge for yourself.

Moreover, you have the satisfaction of knowing that inside that lovely cabinet shelters mechanism which is as perfect as Bush and Gaumont-British engineers can possibly make it.



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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

What's Wrong with the Gloomier Dean?

A Duke on his Dignity—Cheap Food Too Dear!—Bully with the Old School Tie—A Coroner Champions the Widow

DEAR DR. MATTHEWS,—Is there something about St. Paul's Cathedral that makes its ruler a prophet of woe?

When you succeeded Dean Inge, I remember people christened you "The Cheery Dean." Now you are proving gloomier than the Gloomy Dean.

For even Dr. Inge was never quite so dejected and despairing as to tell us that Christianity is dying.

"The influence of Christianity in the world steadily wanes," you tell a Church conference. "We must admit, if we have the courage to face the truth, that, while the rationalists have nothing to offer, what the Churches offer becomes less and less acceptable to the masses of Western civilisation."

That is surely the most pessimistic utterance ever made by a high dignitary of the Church. It says much for your honesty and sincerity—yes, and your courage.

But is it true?

* * *

We must compare it with the belief of another distinguished cleric whose courage and sincerity match your own—"Dick" Sheppard—who assures us that the world is about to experience a tremendous revival of religious faith.

Let me say at once that I shall not attempt to forestall the proof of Time as to which of you is right. But I must point out that in one aspect at least you seem to be completely wrong.

You are too apt to confuse Christianity with church-going.

You think that because more and more people are leaving the churches in disgust it follows that Christianity is declining. You think the Church of England should be divorced from the State because you "do not believe that more than twenty per cent. of the people in this country are in any possible sense of the word Christians."

But there are great numbers of real, decent-living Christians who do not go to church because they are tired of the petty squabbles and outworn dogma with which organised religion is still largely concerned.

* * *

That is why you are on firmer ground when you plead for a new Reformation, for a grand union of all the Christian Churches.

Even if that is but a dream, there is no reason why the Church of England should not be, in your own words, "much more courageous in facing the consequences of modern knowledge and the needs of modern life."

You, indeed, would be a good leader for a crusade against the parsons who live in a petty, squalid world of their own, who "cherish differences when they should dwell on the fundamental agreements."

For you are a man who is vitally interested in the difficulties of the age. You know the ordinary man and woman, and you like their company. You are human enough to have removed the ban on smoking formerly imposed on the workmen in St. Paul's.

The Church to-day needs more men of your stamp. But it can do without the pessimism which now and again distinguishes you—a doctrine of despair which must make even Dean Inge pale with horror.

JOHN BULL.

As a prophet of gloom he must shock even Dean Inge!

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY,
President, Board of Education

DEAR MR. STANLEY,—Eight years' investigation by your inspectors amply vindicates my campaign against the examination system.

I am glad to see that a series of tests, separated from each other by a period of four months, is favoured to the single examination, at which the child may lose the chance of a scholarship because of some temporary disability.

Parents everywhere will share my hope that the changes recommended by your officials will be made without delay.

JOHN BULL.

The DUKE OF ARGYLL,
Inveraray Castle, Argyll

SIR,—Northern and Scottish Airways have had to stop flying to Tiree, in the Western Isles, because you refuse landing facilities. Yet the islanders want the service.

By providing air ambulances to remote places—to say nothing of the more commercial aspects—air companies are doing a useful service.

They deserve more encouragement than you are apparently willing to give them.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture

SIR,—As might have been expected, the Devon Sea Fisheries Committee is informed that a glut of fish can't be sent to poor areas because of the expense, and that fishermen would only lose money if they tried to sell it to farmers as manure.

So the only alternative left is to throw it back in the sea—to save expense.

Expense! The word might carry more weight if you ever considered it when deciding on new subsidies.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. R. LUDFORD,
Llanelly Coroner

DEAR MR. LUDFORD,—I hope other coroners in mining areas will take a leaf from your book.

In order to place a silicosis death on record you ordered a post-mortem examination and a verdict of "Death from silicosis" was returned.

You said there was doubt whether the widow in the case would get compensation. Your action, you added, would make it possible for steps to be taken legally to obtain compensation should the employers fail in their duty.

Good for you!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. H. BROMHEAD,
Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co., Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—I like your criticism of employers who question applicants for jobs "in the atmosphere of the courthouse." You are obviously right in suggesting that the first essential is to put applicants at their ease.

Too often a poor fellow loses a job because, treated like a criminal, he becomes nervous and appears at his worst.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. V. MARRIOTT,
Merthyr

DEAR SIR,—You are absurdly mistaken in thinking that the English treat with suspicion girls from the distressed areas in Wales, and that if one Welsh girl gets into trouble in London the Welsh girls as a whole are classed as "all wrong."

Complaints are not levelled at the girls, but at the fact that they are dumped here and left lonely, unprotected, and a prey to all kinds of temptations.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM H. G. SIMS,
Cambridge Undergraduate

SIMS,—You are lucky to have been fined only a pound for assaulting a fifteen-year-old boy in your charge while camping. You struck him so brutally that three stitches had to be put in his brow and one eye was entirely closed.

Your age is twenty, but I trust that before you go camping again with younger lads you will learn a little discretion.

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Matlock Urban Council

GENTLEMEN,—The residents of Matlock are the tenants, but not the monopolists, of a famous beauty spot.

This is what you must impress upon those who urge you to ban day trippers and encourage visitors "of a more substantial and respectable kind."

And don't be stampeded into believing that your surroundings are wicked as well as winsome because Sunday entertainments are provided, or because girl tourists in cycling "shorts" prefer comfort to custom.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CYRIL HENRIQUES,
London

DEAR SIR,—Back from your tour of the Republic of Ecuador in South America you bring hope to many refugees from Nazi and Fascist terrorism. For Ecuador offers them a permanent home, freedom of speech and opinion, exemption from taxation for three years, and free travel on the railways.

Further, it will give them sufficient land to support them and is willing to devote a million acres to this purpose.

Your one difficulty is money. It would cost between £70 and £90 to settle a family of four, and I can but wish you every success in your task of raising adequate funds.

JOHN BULL.

LORD MAYOR of London: Not always mistake to deride the past. If we didn't scorn the outworn there'd be no progress. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. DUBILIER: Everywhere scientists like you are finding new ways to kill, you lament. Why don't they get together and decide to stop?—JOHN BULL.

OUR PEST FRIENDS

SOME humans like a dog for pet,
But some prefer canaries,
While there are others who delight
In cats, who in the stilly night
Indulge in strange vagaries!

To those who like them, cockatoos
And goldfish bring much pleasure;
But small attraction can I see
In them; an earwig is for me
The pet that most I treasure!

The little lamb that Mary had
Caused her less sweet emotion
Than my pet earwig causes me;
None could remain unmoved to see
Her motherly devotion!

Admittedly, my affection for my dumb friend (Ermyntrude by name) is of recent growth. But having had my eyes opened to her hitherto unsuspected virtues, I am resolved to love and cherish her for the duration of my summer holiday.

For long the earwig has been classed with the cads and outsiders of the animal world, but an entomologist, Mr. Malcolm Burr, has launched a campaign to make the world safe for earwigs to live in.

They are, he assures us, inoffensive

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

creatures who sting not, neither do they smell, yet the chairwoman of a Mothers' Meeting in all her glory was not arrayed like one of them.

The earwig, in fact, is a model mother. When the honeymoon is over, she empties her husband out of "Mon Repos," lest he should devour one of the offspring when feeling the need of a spot of lunch; he being forced to lead a bachelor existence for months on end while she devotes herself to the care of her progeny.

Recollecting atrocities which I, in common with other ignorant holiday-makers, have perpetrated on these worthy creatures, I am filled with misgivings regarding my Nazi-like attitude toward some other members of the animal kingdom.

Maybe the sand-bug is also a devoted mother. And are we justified in hostility towards Willy the wasp? After all, what we regard as viciousness on his part may be just his idea of clean fun.

To avoid bitter twinges of conscience, the only safe policy is to behave toward the lower orders of the animal kingdom as if we are all chaps together.

Be kind to beetles and to bugs,
To hornets, rattlesnakes and slugs,
Since one and all of them may be
Models of domesticity.

If you, perchance, should swat that fly,
You may regret it by and by,
On learning of its blameless life
And kindness to its bairns and wife.

Although a wasp may sting you hard,
Maintain for it a warm regard;
Let Britain's policy be: "Hats
Off to mosquitoes, Moors and gnats!"

Some shining virtue is possessed
By ev'ry form of living pest;
So don't at politicians shoot
Or crush a crooner 'neath your boot!

Y. Z.

"He smokes AFRIKANDER"

because it's as cool as the breeze from the second's towel, as mild as the ref.'s first warning not to hold. Because it's as full of "character" as George Cook—and you can everlastingly depend on it—just as you can depend on both boxers saying "I shall win," before the fight. Give Afrikander a trial—you'll find it always weighs-in with 100% satisfying smoking.

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Flake or Shag

"IT SAVES AND SATISFIES"

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they're dangerous to Teeth and Health

START TO-DAY TO USE Gibbs "S.R." TOOTH PASTE FOR TEETH & GUMS

Poisons from neglected unhealthy gums pour into the blood-stream continuously every hour of the day and night. The whole system is affected. Ill health, pyorrhœa and early loss of teeth follow. Don't delay. Start at once to use Gibbs "S.R.", the remarkable Tooth Paste which leading Dentists everywhere now prescribe and use themselves in all cases of Gingivitis (bleeding, tender and inflamed gums) and Pyorrhœa. **This is because Gibbs "S.R." destroys the germs and renders harmless the poisons that cause gum infections.** Stimulates resistance. Heals and firms gums. Purifies the mouth. Gibbs "S.R." is exceptionally good for the teeth, too. Removes stubborn stains without any possibility of damage to the enamel and makes the teeth delightfully white. Results are amazing—and amazingly rapid. Dentists acclaim Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste the greatest dental achievement of the age. Be sure you buy a tube today.

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KEATING'S KILLS

BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS *etc. even Bugs*

BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

His Majesty Has His Way

John Drinkwater's *Intimate Diary* THE KING THIS WEEK

BY far the most important news of the last few days concerning the King is the official announcement of the route to be taken by His Majesty's Coronation procession. It is remarkable in several respects.

And in the first place I should like to correct an impression that seems to be current in certain generally well-informed quarters.

I see it stated on high editorial authority that the King has no love of pomp and pageantry for its own sake. This, to my mind, is to misunderstand the complexities of a very unusual character.

It is perfectly true to say that not the humblest of his subjects delights more than the King in freedom and informality whenever the circumstances of his daily life allow these to be indulged. The reports of his present holiday give striking and frequent proof of this.

In spite of all precautions of his expressed wishes, he has been unable to escape publicity anywhere on his cruise. Instead of allowing this to put him out of countenance, as he reasonably might have done, he has accepted the situation with his usual good humour, and more than once has turned it to good account for his own amusement.

☆ ☆ ☆

I LIKE the story of the King, mobbed by amateur photographers, escaping to a point of vantage from which he could himself take camera shots of his pursuers. And even when a waiter, asking if he might keep the King's box of matches as a souvenir, proceeded to sell the contents at a shilling a match, the incident was allowed to give no offence.

In fact, the King loses no opportunity of showing that he is approachable, interested in all sorts and conditions of people, and happy in the phenomenal popularity that he everywhere enjoys.

In that sense, indeed, the parade and ceremony of his exalted position are foreign to his nature. But to suggest also that if it were possible on State occasions to avoid the circumstance of pageantry the King would do so is far wide of the truth.

For combined in the King's character with his simplicity and natural human gaiety is a profound sense of the formal dignity of his office. It is this duality of mind that largely makes him the remarkable man he is.

In the first article that I wrote in this series I ventured to say that time would prove him in an unprecedented degree to be at once Man of the People and King of the People. A few months on the throne have been enough to show conclusively that this is to be the secret of his achievement.

☆ ☆ ☆

HARDLY a day passes but some new incident reveals the King as a man continually eager to make personal contact with his subjects in all walks of life, as a citizen of the world in the broadest and most democratic spirit.

But everyone with any knowledge of his State life is very well aware that he also is a man to whom Kingship means an office that must on occasion be invested with all the symbolic panoply of tradition.

The King, more acutely, I think, even than any of his subjects, realises that this is not a matter of empty show, but one of deep spiritual significance.

At chosen moments the King, so intimately a man of the people, is to be set unapproachably apart from and above the people, the living figure of an Empire's Majesty. Then pomp and circumstance are necessary, and our King, far from finding them uncongenial, delights in them as wholeheartedly as we do.

☆ ☆ ☆

IT was, therefore, with no arduous sense of duty that the King gave close personal attention to the details which are now embodied in the published itinerary of his Coronation procession.

Since a skeleton of the Official Souvenir Programme which is being prepared at the King's command for distribution throughout the Empire, and, indeed, beyond it, has now appeared in the Press, I may perhaps be allowed to say that, in connection with the article on "The King's Majesty," which I am to have the privilege of writing for that publication, I have heard much about the concentrated thought that the King has been giving to the extremely complicated arrangements that are involved in preparing for his Coronation, and also about the unfailing consideration that he is showing to all the Court and State officials in their very exacting task.

You will not find a public servant, from the highest to the lowest rank, who is not enthusiastic about the enterprise ahead, not only for its own sake as a national demonstration, but also in devoted admiration for the man who is to be its occasion.

I know that before a final decision about the Coronation route was reached there was a good deal of animated discussion between the King and his advisers.

☆ ☆ ☆

IT was His Majesty himself who insisted that the best way of dealing with the most serious organising problem that the Coronation will present, congestion of foot traffic, would be a substantial extension of the route.

In reply it was urged that the Abbey ceremony alone must make serious demands on the sovereign's power of endurance, and that to prolong the State procession from something under four miles to something over six would mean a very heavy personal strain.

The advice was well intentioned, but it did not impress the King. He was reminded of the emotional pitch in the Abbey, of the heavy robes, and crown—that used in the Abbey will weigh seven pounds, to be replaced on the drive by one weighing three—that he would be wearing.

☆ ☆ ☆

HE replied that he was perfectly fit, and equal to any such demands. His only concern was that as many as possible of his people who were prepared in their thousands to stand all day in the hope of seeing the procession should not be disappointed, whatever the inconvenience to him might be.

At this point persuasion began to weaken, and the greatly extended route was fixed. It is a contribution made by the King himself to the amenities of a great national event.

Once the question was settled in principle, the King left the arrangements to his executive committee, desiring that the completed plan should be submitted as soon as possible to him on his holiday.

This was accordingly done under the supervision of the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, and the plan as now published went for the King's approval in an early despatch-box to the *Nahlin*. Duly initialled, with comments, it was sent back to London by the returning messenger with no delay.

☆ ☆ ☆

I UNDERSTAND that in one particular it is the King's intention to follow the example of his father at the Coronation of 1911. King George, with Queen Mary, then appeared fully crowned and robed on the balcony of Buckingham Palace immediately on his return from the Abbey, thus giving many additional thousands of his people the chance of seeing their newly crowned sovereign. King Edward means to do the same.

On this occasion, however, vast as the London crowds will be on Coronation Day, wireless, and it may be even television, will for the first time in history bring the whole Empire, and the world, into immediate participation in the events of the capital.

As I said some weeks ago, His Majesty at an early stage of the discussions reminded his advisers that in May next not one but five kings were to be crowned. And, in a sense never before possible, the crowning will take place in the presence of millions for whom London can be but a name.

The power of ceremony will have risen to a height hitherto unknown.

The Duke of Norfolk, under whose supervision the Coronation plans are being made, leaving for a Privy Council meeting at which many of the details were arranged

'...WHAT, AGAIN?'

'Half a sec.—I'll come along with you; got to get my battery charged again.'
'Why, you only had it charged a short time ago. Look here. Why don't you get an Exide "Hycap"?'

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EXIDE 'HYCAP' BATTERY (*High Capacity L.T. Battery*)

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HIS BACKACHE WAS DUE TO HIS LUMBAR NERVE

Weak Nerves can bring on symptoms of every Health Trouble known! Thousands of people are suffering from Nerve Trouble . . . and do not know it! They are heading straight for a BREAK-DOWN yet never realise that it is their NERVES which are at fault. **BACKACHE** (*caused by the Lumbar Nerve*) is only *one* symptom. **HEADACHES** (*Trigeminal Nerve*): **SCIATICA** (*Sciatic Nerve*): **INDIGESTION** (*Gastric Nerve*), etc., etc. ALL indicate Nerve Weakness. Begin AT ONCE to take a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets and so get rid of the *CAUSE* of the trouble.

Your NERVES Are Your LIFE

When Nerves are weak then **EVERY** bodily function suffers! And you will continue to suffer until you Strengthen and *Feed* your Nerves. If, therefore, you get

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BACKACHE
IRRITABILITY
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
DEPRESSION
PALPITATION
HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
NEURITIS

you need Dr. Cassells Tablets most urgently. **DO NOT DELAY!** It is **NOW** you must act ... **NERVE BREAK-DOWN** comes often with devastating swiftness. **STOP IT NOW** while there is time.

"I can't eat I've had no sleep... my back is dreadful."
"How can I work with that noise going on... and this pain in my back is driving me mad!"
"Even my food won't digest now"
Your health is serious... Go & see...
"That pain in your back is due to your LUMBAR NERVE. It is a sign that your whole nervous system is WEAK. It has made you thoroughly RUN-DOWN & you are heading for a BREAKDOWN. I have just the remedy you need. Take these tablets 3 times daily."
THE LUMBAR NERVE
Thank you, Sir.
"John! you are a new man."
"Yes, thanks to Dr. Cassells Tablets I feel Tip-Top!"

Don't FIGHT Weak Nerves—FEED them!

Dr. Cassells Tablets are now known the World over. Their effect is almost miraculous, for they contain just what your starved Nerves need. They make you well so quickly, for directly the New Power is poured into the Nerve Centres every part of the body begins to benefit. It is almost as though you have taken on a new Lease of Life . . the World becomes a bright and happy place . . . full of smiles and enjoyment instead of distress and misery!

If you are a victim of any nerve trouble you must instantly commence to build up your Nerve Power . . . to soothe and feed and *strengthen* those inflamed, weakened, health-starved Nerve Cells! Then and only then can you begin to get well! Begin to take Dr. Cassells Tablets TO-DAY and so MASTER your NERVES.

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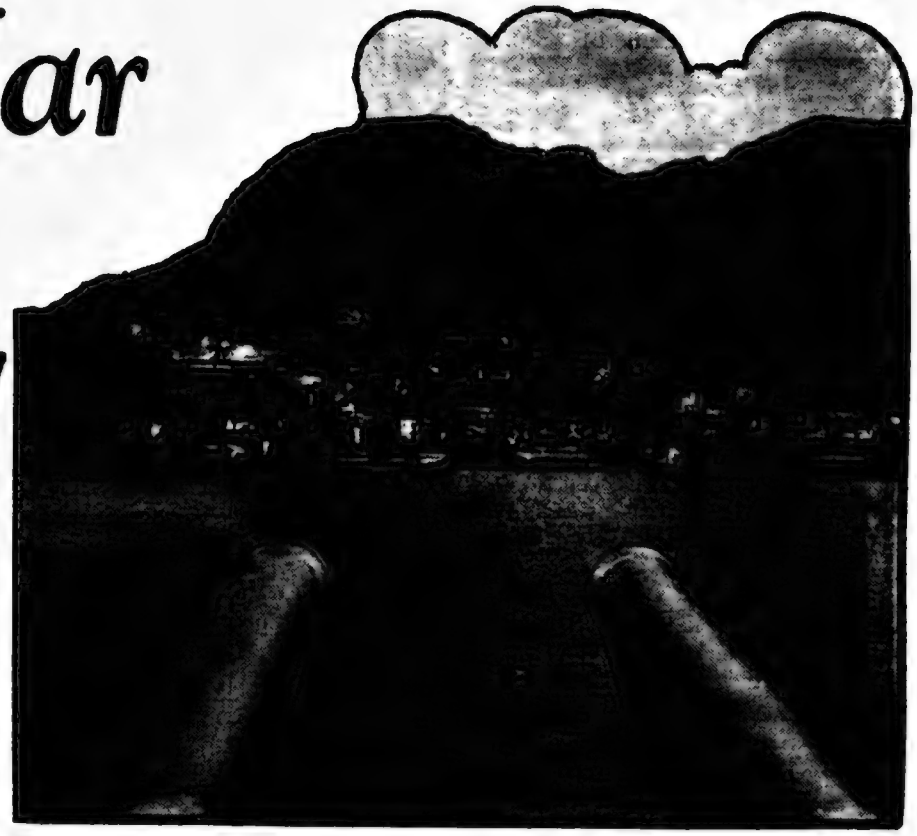
The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

No War Over Spain!



British guns guarding Gibraltar, the key to the Mediterranean, which Mussolini would like to make an Italian lake

by A. G. GARDINER

I WISH I could share the complacency of Sir Samuel Hoare at Gunton Park the other day. It would be easier to do so if one did not remember his part in the Abyssinian fiasco of last winter.

From his remarks we gather that there is no reason why the Government should not be dispersed here, there and everywhere in the agreeable diversion of holiday-making, no reason why Parliament should be called together and no ground for doubting that the best of seamanship has its hand on the helm of the State.

There is no rôle less to my taste than that of the professional alarmist. I hate scaremongering. I like to feel that our rulers keep cool heads and are not easily rattled, and I agree that the summoning of Parliament at the end of August could only be justified by the gravest emergency.

But it is impossible to open our newspapers day by day without feeling anxious, without wishing that the admiral was visibly at the helm with his staff within earshot, and without a suspicion that we are drifting once more helplessly as we drifted in the case of Sanctions.

If so, we are drifting in circumstances more perilous even than those of last winter.

☆ ☆ ☆

TWENTY-TWO years ago a pistol shot fired at Serajevo, a place few of us had ever heard of, was the prelude to the World War. To-day the sparks from the Spanish volcano are flying all over Europe, and any morning we may awaken to the fact that the tragedy of 1914 is to be repeated.

Only one thing can avert the menace. That is, to localise the conflagration—to make a cordon round the volcano beyond which the flames shall not spread. Europe, as it is to-day, cannot save Spain from the horrors that have befallen her; but it can save itself from sharing those horrors.

If Europe were a united and happy family, as we had hoped the League of Nations would make it, it could, of course, save Spain. It could bring such pressure to bear upon the belligerents as would compel them to make peace.

But Europe is not a united and happy family. It is a family split into two camps, armed to the teeth, filled with fears of war and preparing for the thing they fear. The issue that divides Spain is the issue that divides Europe. It is whether dictatorship or democracy is to prevail.

Intervention in these circumstances would not mean quenching the volcano in Spain. It would only mean lighting the fires of a general war over Europe. If one nation intervenes openly on one side, another nation will intervene openly on the other, and all will be drawn into the vortex together.

That fate can only be averted by all agreeing to stand aloof together, holding the ring until the volcano has exhausted itself and some sort of peace is restored to poor, stricken Spain. That is not a callous policy: it is a merciful policy.

If history teaches anything, it is that it is always wrong for one nation to interfere in the domestic quarrels of another nation. It was the attempt of the monarchical Powers to destroy the infant Republic of France that drenched Europe with the blood of the Napoleonic wars. And it was Mr. Churchill's policy of intervention in Russia which in the end tightened the Soviet grip on that country.

So far as this country is concerned it has learned the lesson. If there is one thing upon which the mass of English people are agreed it is not to meddle in the affairs of another country.

We dislike all tyrannies because we believe in freedom and representative government. But if the Germans and the Italians submit to one brand of tyranny and the Russians to another, that is their affair.

It is no business of ours to go crusading for their deliverance. They must deliver themselves. And in time they will do so. Liberty has not perished for ever east of the Rhine.

Our task is to keep our own flag of liberty flying in face of the world's madness, and to avoid being sucked into the domestic brawls of other peoples. We have our little groups of Fascist fanatics and Communist fanatics who would be delighted to see us take the plunge on one side or the other into the Spanish inferno.

But the Government has rightly interpreted the mind of the country in taking its stand with France on the solid rock of neutrality. Together we have appealed to other nations to take their stand with us. We cannot compel them to do so. We can only offer them our lead and our example.

If that lead is to carry conviction it must have the backing of public opinion. It must not be compromised by the bletherings of our Fascist Rothermeres or the activities of our Communist Pollitts. These things are negligible in themselves. We know how negligible. But they offer excuses to people who want excuses for doubting our good faith and the sincerity of our neutrality.

How far the policy of isolating the Spanish volcano will succeed is still in the balance. For weeks both Hitler and Mussolini have been fencing with it, and as I write their full agreement is still withheld. But the moral effect of this policy of non-intervention has been important. It has prevented both Hitler and Mussolini giving official support to the rebels.

☆ ☆ ☆

UNDER the rose, of course, Mussolini has been in the business up to the neck, just as he has been in the Palestine troubles up to the neck. He is playing for the highest stake that any adventurer has played for in Europe since Napoleon and all his sinister activities, whether in Abyssinia, in Palestine, or the Peninsula, are directed to accomplish his dream of making the Mediterranean an Italian lake.

But he has hesitated to show his hand by the formal rejection of neutrality. What help he gives to the rebels has to be explained away. And if this situation can be maintained until the Spanish volcano has burned itself out, neutrality will have succeeded, and the Anglo-French policy of "No war about Spain" will have effected its purpose.

Should events turn out otherwise, it should still be the determination of this country not to be drawn into a European war on the Spanish issue as it was drawn into a European war twenty-two years ago on the Austrian issue.

☆ ☆ ☆

WE cannot isolate ourselves from the Continent or disregard our responsibilities overseas, but nothing would warrant war in the eyes of the British people except a direct attack on British interests.

If such an emergency arose, as it may arise, we must be prepared with a policy to meet it. Have we such a policy?

And should we not all feel happier if there were more visible signs that the Government was "at home," even though Parliament was still left on holiday?

THE HUMAN MACHINE

DISTORTING MIRRORS

WHENEVER you are really up against it—or when you think you are—it is always a good thing to sit back quietly and take a look at other people. For there are so many others! Fate hasn't singled out you alone for a heavy blow!

We always tend to imagine that it has: but we are wrong. No one has ever escaped trouble, and our own troubles are no heavier than those of the first person we might meet in the street if we could only know.

Trouble is a very real thing, but the effect trouble has on us depends on our character and on our ability to preserve a sense of proportion in our judgments. If we have developed any worth-while sense of life, trouble may bend us, but it should never be able to break us. The older we get the more resilient we should become.

Besides, there is never any situation so dark that it contains no single gleam of light anywhere. There is always someone to say a kindly word, to give a friendly greeting, to tender a word of advice. Few people are really alone in this world. A good many are lonely—but it is so often their own fault.

For friendship, comradeship, help and sympathy have to be earned like everything else in life that is worth having: and they have to be earned by a willingness to give at least as much as we expect to receive.

And it's no good worrying. That's a negative sort of thing. A crisis needs something positive, and hope is always a better standby in time of trouble than despair. Hope at least prepares us to greet the unknown to-morrow with a willingness and a readiness to turn to advantage whatever may turn up.

The fact is, that when we meet trouble—as all of us do—we must either overcome it, or it will overcome us. There is no middle way.

We've got to be real men to face and overcome trouble: and we can't be if we persist in looking at life through the distorting mirrors of worry and despair.

Judge Speaks Out

ONLY the wise decision of a county court judge saved a poor working woman and her family from being turned out homeless into the streets in Builth Wells, the small spar town of Brecknockshire, South Wales.

It was one of those cases which reflect on the scandalous laxity of a local authority in dealing with slum clearance and rehousing matters.

Mrs. Martha Price and her family live in a dwelling in Spring Gardens, Builth. The place, however, has been condemned as insanitary and unfit. The owner of the property is quite willing to recondition it, but in order to carry out that work vacant possession of the house is necessary.

Before possession can be secured and the much-needed improvement effected, a new home must be provided for Mrs. Price by the local urban council.

The council take no action in the matter. In due course application is made to the county court for an order compelling the eviction of the unfortunate woman and her children.

When the case was called and the facts explained, the learned judge saw the neglect of the council in its true light.

"I will not help," he said, "in turning the woman out into the road because the council has failed to build houses."

The council, he added, was prepared to allow Mrs. Price to be turned out of the house without providing another house for her. The house was in an insanitary condition, but a bad house was better than no house at all. He would not cause misery and hardship to the family of Mrs. Price.

So the woman remains in her unpleasant dwelling, which is "home" to her.

And the condemnation of the Builth Wells Urban District Council stands in the words of the judge.

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Look through your album—use your camera—send us your snaps. Snaps of children, grown-ups—any subjects that express sunny happiness! £5 cash every week for the best. And twenty other prizes value 10/6 each.

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SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on Back Cover.

RHEUMATIC Sufferers. Accept this free offer. On page 29 appears a coupon which, if sent to the address mentioned will bring a free sample of Curiconese and a special booklet explaining all about this wonderful remedy for all rheumatic ailments. Act now and get immediate relief from this distressing complaint.

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Jailed Father

Astounding Sequel . .

The TEAPOT Told his INNOCENCE

A HUSBAND and wife, both advanced in years, were at tea the other afternoon in their small but comfortable home in Normandy Road, on the outskirts of the city of Exeter. Their talk turned to teapots. "I wonder," said the woman, "why Cliff bought that teapot." She pointed to a round silver pot on the sideboard.

The "Cliff" she spoke about was their son, Clifford, who died four years ago at the age of twenty-two. The woman leaned towards the sideboard to take down the teapot. It fell from her grasp to the carpet and the lid came off.

"Why!" she said to her husband as she bent down and picked up the pot, "there are some papers in this thing." The teapot had never been examined or opened since their son died. The mother took out the pieces of paper one by one.

Mostly they were nothing more than scribbled notes such as would be found in any young man's pocket or possession—memos about cricket and football matches, holiday addresses of friends, and so on.

Then the mother gave a little cry. She held in her hand a page torn from an account book. It was a stamped receipt, made out personally to her dead son, for a series of cheques totalling £186. She handed it to her husband. For a full minute the couple could not speak.

One night not long before his death their dead son had come home and exhibited the teapot with pride. He had seen and fancied it in a shop window and a whim had prompted him to buy it. He had never used it as anything more than a handy receptacle into which he could stuff odd bits of paper.

Wrong multiplied

To the father and mother now staring speechlessly at the receipt on the tea-table it almost seemed as if their son had sent a message to them from the grave. The secret that the teapot had yielded up was the vindication of one of them from a charge which had brought long and many agonies to these two honourable and innocent people.

The man at the tea-table was Mr. William Wood. Two and a half years ago, when injustice first visited him and his home, JOHN BULL made the facts publicly known. Even then the evidence that was available made it an unusual story of justice caught napping and of undeserved and harsh retribution descending upon a guiltless man and his wife.

But since then the wrong done has been multiplied many times as the resultant processes of the law have continued on their course. Now a teapot has poured out the truth and dramatic condemnation of the suffering and ignominy inflicted in the name of justice.

For twenty-five years William Wood was a member of the Exeter Police Force. His service was unblemished. He worked under four different chief constables, all of whom spoke highly of him. Frequently he was commended, and he received the Police Medal for an exemplary record.

Wood's personality may be best understood if he is described as the type of man who can never be driven, who will stand up for his rights although the heavens fall, who, as he told a judge not long ago, will face a firing squad rather than submit to something which he knows to be wrong.

Mr. William Wood—a debt for which he was not liable has been discharged in suffering which cannot be undone

At the time of his retirement about four years ago, Wood had two sons who were in business separately as dairymen in Exeter. The younger son, Clifford, had become more or less an invalid, and so when he left the police the father carried on a good deal of the work for the son.

But Wood was never in the business. He never had the slightest share or interest in its finances. Even almost to the hour of his death in hospital the son still insisted on signing cheques in payment of accounts. All that Wood ever did was what any father in a similar position, with leisure and a pension, would have done—carry on the outside work for a son who was dying.

After Clifford died, however, the father received a bill for £26 relating to milk which had been supplied from a certain firm before Mr. Wood had left the police force and long before he had been able to give any attention to the business of his dying son. There had been some dispute about the quality of the milk, and, in consequence, the wholesale order was cancelled.

Mr. Wood returned the account, but did not dispute it. He pointed out that the claim might be a justifiable one against either of his sons, but it certainly was no concern of his. If it was against the son who had died, nothing could be paid from his estate until probate had been granted.

All that Mr. Wood wanted done was that the matter should be put on a strictly business-like basis, and the bill made out to whoever had given the order for and had been supplied with the milk.

The reply he received was a summons for the recovery of the debt, issued against him personally. In his evidence Mr. Wood made it as clear as he could that he never had any part in the control or conduct or finances of either of his sons' separate businesses, and that all he had ever done was to give fatherly help to the younger son while he lay helpless and dying in hospital.

But judgment with costs was entered against Mr. Wood.

The case largely pivoted on what was doubtless quite an innocent confusion of or misunderstanding regarding the identities of the father and his two sons. The people who supplied the milk declared virtually—in the utmost good faith, of course—that they did not even know of the existence of the younger Wood, and had never had any orders or received any payment from him.

There is no doubt that it was this very definite statement which governed the decision of the judge, who has since retired. He came to the sincere conclusion that, in the absence of evidence of business relations with other members of the family, it must have been Mr. Wood who was responsible for the affairs of the business.

A challenge

Mr. Wood left the court with the remark that a great wrong was being done, and that he would never pay the money, whatever the consequences might be. He is a man of such strong character that he would have made that challenge even if he had realised at that moment what terrible shape these consequences would ultimately take.

Mr. Wood could, of course, have paid the £26 debt many times over. But he resisted every attempt to extract the money from him.

Then the officers of the court entered his house with a warrant of execution. They seized everything of value in the home. They carried away the furniture. They stripped the walls of pictures and tore up the floor coverings. What was once a home was left a bare shell of one, with only beds and bedding in the upper rooms.

As usually happens in cases like these, the enforced sale of Mr. Wood's property did not realise anything like the amount of the debt. Even after the seizure and sale, Mr. Wood found that the original debt of £26 which had been wrongly claimed against him had now swollen, with costs, to £54. Not a penny piece of what he did not owe, he replied, would he ever pay. The stubbornness of Devon was in his soul.

Next he was brought before the judge and sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment for refusing to pay.

Unmolested

One day he observed the tipstaffs on watch at his home. Never, he decided, would he allow himself, a police officer of twenty-five years' service, wearing the King's Medal, to suffer the indignity of arrest on the public highway. He used his wits, sharpened by police training, to elude the men waiting in the street to effect his capture. He was able to leave the house with his wife unmolested.

They walked first to their son's grave, by which they knelt reverently for some minutes. Then they went from the cemetery to the jail. At the gates Mr. Wood kissed his wife farewell for three weeks. He rang the prison bell, asked for the governor, and surrendered himself.

So Mr. Wood and his loyal wife paid not in kind but only in suffering.

How different it all would have been if the secret of the teapot had been suspected!

The stamped receipt for cheques to the value of £186 which came from the pot the other day was one from the people who supplied the milk. And it was not like the ordinary document of the kind which simply states that a certain sum has been received. Across the stamps was written the name of the person from whom the money had actually been received. The name was that of Clifford Wood, the dead son!

If that document had been available to the court at the trial there could have been no doubt in the judge's mind that there was confusion of identities. It would have made it clear that the creditor should have known of the existence of the son and that the transactions, in fact, took place with him.

The story of the teapot has been communicated to the Lord Chancellor. He can do nothing. All the legal machinery of Britain can do nothing. The case cannot be reopened; the record cannot be expunged.

The only solace Mr. and Mrs. Wood can have is that now no greater harm can befall them. A debt for which they were not liable has been discharged in suffering which cannot be undone.

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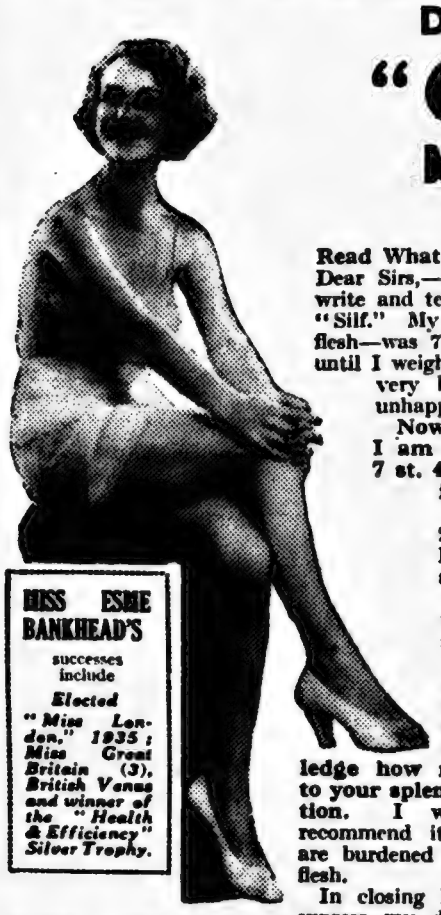

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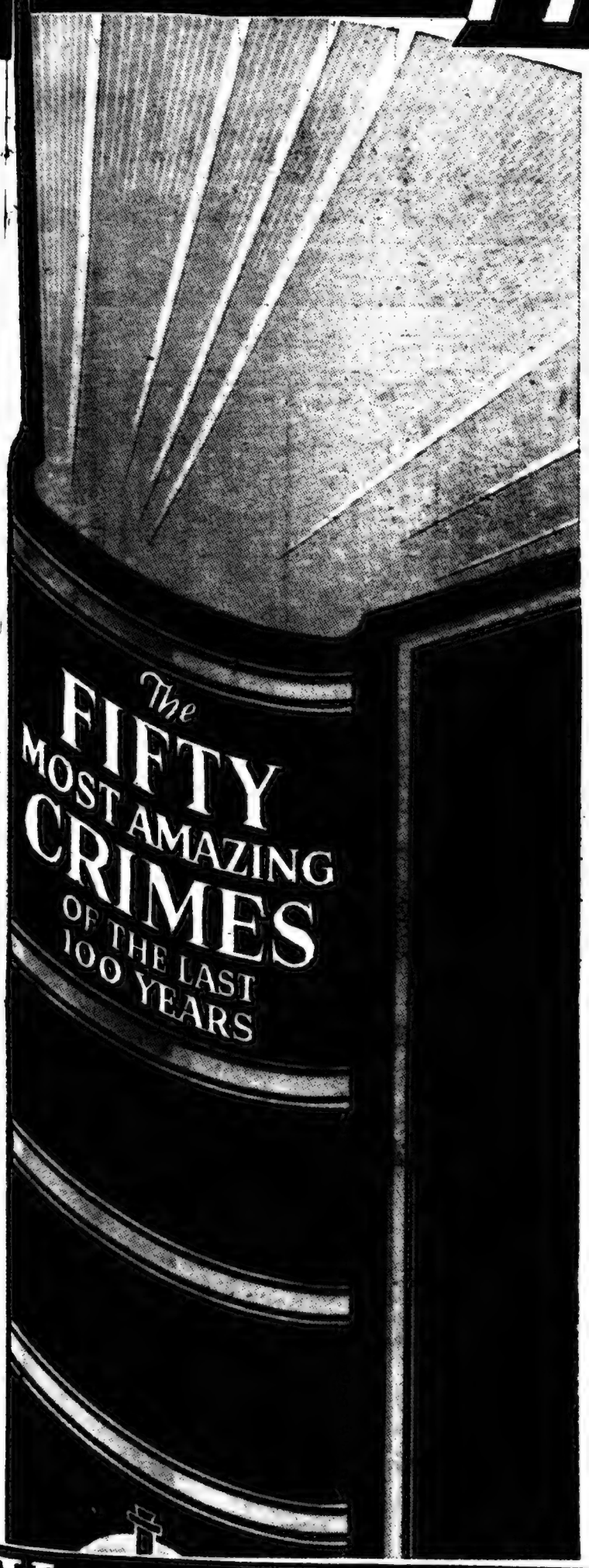

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Dummy Millionaire —in a Pretty Little Plot

The tricksters spoke convincingly of big shipments of gold that were being sent by air —but it wasn't their gold

Weekly Informations by Sir Wyndham Childs

WE have brought many rogues to justice through exposing their methods in these columns; and this week I propose to denounce a quartet of particularly dangerous tricksters who are at present claiming numerous victims in a fraud they have brought to a high pitch of perfection.

The projects round which they weave their nets of deceit are always on the grand scale, and range from the erection of blocks of luxury flats and offices to the shipment of millions of pounds by air from the Continent. But each move in their scheme is always played with such care and precision that the most hard-headed business men have been defrauded of big sums.

The four men in question are all tricksters with international reputations. Their leader, whose real name is believed to be Kemp, has been known by several aliases. As a rule he elects to make the opening move himself.

"Big Deals"

He went to a South Coast hotel a few weeks ago and, staying there for a few days as an ordinary guest, gradually became on friendly terms with the manager, who found him a most interesting personality.

Kemp, who revealed himself in conversation as a much-travelled man, talked convincingly of his alleged big business deals in different parts of the globe.

He confided to the manager that he was the British representative of a famous Continental firm of provision merchants, and was negotiating all kinds of contracts here.

One morning he announced that a friend of his, in England on a brief visit from France, would be arriving at the hotel to spend a few days with him. Kemp intimated that he would like him specially looked after, as he was inclined to be a little fastidious, and was a person of some importance.

"I am indebted to him for a good deal," he said, "and I don't mind what it costs so long as he has a good time."

In due course the supposedly distinguished guest arrived. He certainly looked the part, and it was noticeable that Kemp treated him with great deference and respect.

After the visitor had been settled in the hotel, Kemp informed the manager that his friend was the confidential secretary to an American multi-millionaire.

Then he began to make further confiding "revelations" about his wealthy friend, who, he said, was engaged on a mission of such an urgent character that special police measures had been provided by the Home Office for his protection while in this country.

The visitor was supposed to be engaged in a series of huge property deals. On behalf of the millionaire he was "buying up whole districts" in England for commercial development purposes. He had, just before leaving London, to visit him before returning to France, completed one deal running into £200,000.

There was, apparently, no limit to the resources available. Kemp mentioned in passing that a million pounds in gold had only recently been brought in one of the millionaire's airplanes from Paris and been deposited in a London bank in furtherance of these plans.

Feigned Surprise

He told how, in the Baker Street district of London, huge blocks of old property had been acquired for demolition and the erection of modern luxury flats.

Kemp did not hurry his story. He knew that the hotel proprietor had been trying to raise funds for an extension scheme that was in abeyance, but he pretended to express surprise when the manager—thinking that here was a chance to get the necessary capital—told him so.

With a little influence, said Kemp, he might be able to induce his friend to provide the money. "I'll get him to talk to you about it," he added.

So the "confidential secretary" was brought upon the scene. This led to an interview with the hotel proprietor, who was asked to produce the figures and accounts of the business, and to give details of the cost of the proposed reconstruction.

Then the most dramatic step of all was taken. Crook number three was brought into the picture. He turned out to be a genial and elderly man, who was introduced as the millionaire himself. While it was not his wish to bother about detail—he left that to his secretary—he liked to see personally every property before giving his final consent to money being advanced.

He thought, and the other two agreed, that the hotel extension scheme was an excellent one, and it was decided that £25,000 should be allocated accordingly. The proprietor, of course, was to contribute as much as he could, and undertake to refund the cost of the alterations, with an agreed rate of interest on the loan, as would be later specified by the financier's lawyers.

The millionaire withdrew after this stage of the proceedings had been reached, and the outcome was that the hotel owner handed over several hundred pounds to the "confidential secretary," who forthwith went up to London to arrange matters.

That was the last that was seen of him, and, indeed, of either Kemp or the "millionaire."

A fourth man, who posed as the millionaire's air pilot, but played only a small part in the conspiracy, likewise disappeared. He has been identified as a trickster who is well known in underworld circles.

Several complaints have recently reached Scotland Yard from people who have been victimised by Kemp and his three friends, and in one case a victim has been swindled of £1,600 by precisely the same means.

Theatre Venture

The prime mover is, as we say, Kemp, who is known to the police of England, Australia, America, and France.

He is actually "wanted" at the present time by the Brussels police.

In another alias he is wanted in London for obtaining several large sums of money from a woman for a theatrical production he was supposedly going to run here.

Further, the man who played the part of the "confidential secretary" friend is also a criminal well-known to the police. So far, the elusive "millionaire" has not been identified, but there is little doubt that when he is he will be duly located in the Rogues' Gallery.

These are obviously four very dangerous men, who I hope may be traced and placed under restraint with as little delay as possible.

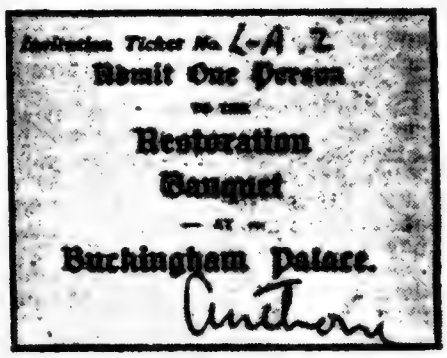
AMAZING CORONATION HOAX

WHAT must be the strangest invitation ever devised is now being issued broadcast by an interesting individual who has lately addressed crowds at the Town Hall, Croydon.

It is nothing less than a ticket of admission to what is termed "The Restoration Banquet" at Buckingham Palace! and it emanates from a person who has already received some publicity in these columns, one Anthony Hall.

When he last came under our notice he was actively campaigning in his native town of Hereford, where he was passing as King Anthony, rightful heir to the British Throne.

He had one or two brushes with the authorities in which he did not acquit himself with the dignity that one would expect from a person of such regal claims, and caused considerable amusement by announcing his intention of abolishing income tax and distributing his own "dollar" notes.


Invitation Ticket No. L-A 2
Admit One Person
to the
Restoration
Banquet
— at —
Buckingham Palace.
Anthony

"King Anthony's" invitation to the Palace

Now, having travelled as far as Croydon in his march on the capital his ambition is soaring. He is telling his audiences that he can stop the coronation next year! So confident is he of this that he has now his own one pound notes, which he signs as "Master of the Mint."

These amazing documents bear the printed impression: "Designed for and published by Anthony, claimant of the crown. The words 'Royal' 'Mint' are used for illustration only."

In his latest manifesto, which he issues with gracious generosity, he embodies his invitation to the Restoration Banquet he proposes to hold at Buckingham Palace. This likewise bears his personal signature.

Poor King Anthony! His simple faith in his own prowess is touching; but he will have to find people still more simple than himself if he is to rally followers to his banner. We advise him to go back to Hereford and take his manifestoes with him.

MURDER

Murders that have staggered the world and led to the most thrilling man hunts in the annals of crime are included in *The Fifty Most Amazing Crimes of the Last 100 Years*—JOHN BULL'S sensational Gift—FREE—to every reader. It's the most astonishing book of its kind in the world. Every word is true.

Hurry for your copy! Turn to the centre pages of this issue, and post the Presentation Forms at once.

I Saw for Myself by a JOHN BULL INVESTIGATOR

The SPEC BLA

"One must go among the unemployed to realise the depth of the wave of indignation against the new Regulations."—Mr. George Lansbury addressing a recent demonstration against them

The new Unemployment Regulations come into force on Monday, November 16 . . .

FOR thirty-four hours the House of Commons debated the new Unemployment Regulations before the Government Whips gained their end. Since then there have been meetings and demonstrations of protest all over the country. I set out to discover what the people affected by the new rules are saying and thinking.

I was on the "dole" in the north of England four years ago. Twice a week I went to the Employment Exchange to sign my name in the buff book at Box 7. Always the same answer to the clerk's monotonous "Worked since you signed last?"

For more than two years I had been maintained in this fashion. Life seemed hopeless, and I watched the courage and vitality of my comrades slowly ebbing before the onward march of poverty and despair.

Men are never the same after such experiences. They weaken or grow hard. The insults of "fair weather friends," the taunts of those who think every unemployed man a work-shy, the cold insolence of jacks-in-office, the heavy pomposity of small-town politicians, the prying and interfering of petty inquisitors . . these are only a few of the intolerances.

Scarcely spoke

It nas been said that the anti-Regulations demonstrations are mere political "stunts" organised by publicity-seekers. But I had not been back on Tyneside more than a few hours before I realised the depth of the wave of indignation.

In my old queue at the Wawn Street Employment Exchange in South Shields I was shocked to see men who had stood alongside me in 1932.

They seemed much older, quieter, speaking in monosyllables. Only when I spoke of the new schedules did they show any sign of feeling.

As the double lines shuffled towards the wide counter they told me how the new scales would work out. I heard of homes that would be broken up, for the many houses in which whole families are unemployed will be the hardest hit; of family squabbles; and of the continuation of the family Means Test requiring shopgirl daughters to support idle miner brothers and fathers.

One man had been manager of a dockyard. To-day he lives in an attic room in a dirty slum. "Sixteen shillings for me," he said, "they've docked me a shilling—have to cut out my Corona Coronas!"

Outside were crowds of men in caps and mackintoshes. Their frayed but clean collars and polished boots bespoke the unflagging self-respect of a hardy race.

In Market Square, Jarrow, where there is always a group of unemployed, I met an old man, who led me into the best of his two little rooms a few yards away. He and his wife are allowed 24s. by the new scale—a reduction of 2s.

Their only son had left the district to tramp south for work, as his allowance has fallen from 10s. to 7s. "We've had no word from him for ten days," said the little woman before the fire.

I asked my host if he was taking part in an anti-Regulations march that was being organised. "Ay, ah'll go—even if I have to walk on me uppers," he said, pointing to his worn boots.

In a little Council house at North Shields an unemployed sailor told me of his troubles—but only when I questioned him, for many Tynesiders try to make a jest of misfortune. "Man, it's not the bread and marge and tea meals we're worrying about," he said. "It's these fellers who can come into your bit house and search your things and demand your rent book."

His wife broke in, "There's many worse than us, Jim."

It was a phrase I was to hear a dozen times a day—pithily expressing the brave philosophy of the struggle against poverty. Jim had no great animosity against the powers-that-be. "It's just ignorance," he explained. "Them clever folks in London should live here for a spell."

Going up the riverside from North Shields to Newcastle, I passed through ugly, mean streets, separated by sprawling allotments and tumbledown wooden shacks. At the street corners stood knots of men, hands in pockets.

On the left was the broad river on which I had grown up. Years ago its Promethean clamour never ceased on weekdays. Even now the clang of steel and the dull roar of electric riveting resounds downstream to the estuary, for a few yards are working.

We passed derelict shipyards, lines of berthed ships, rotten piles, wharves black with coal dust, and tall, motionless cranes. I caught glimpses of men idly watching the river craft from boat landings. What a fine job of work they could do—given a chance!

Rusting together

Tyneside is ugly, sordid, in parts monstrous. But its craftsmen are still among the finest in the country. Britain would not have been so great had the Tyne not sent forth its ships, machinery and coal to the ends of the world. To-day men and ships rust together in the shadows.

Going to Scotland, I found Glasgow very much alive to the new Regulations. Everywhere I heard talk of conferences, demonstrations and marches.

I watched a big crowd on its way to Glasgow Green, the city's open-air forum, with slogans on rough banners. Unlike most British crowds, this one was quite unself-conscious, and in its songs was a note of challenge.

In a tenement at Maryhill I saw a man with a face like the drawn mask of a prisoner of war. In the early fifties, he had an excellent Army record, and was a skilled mechanic. He had been out of work for eighteen months.

Out of his weekly benefit he had been helping his married son with a few precious coppers. His son earned only 25s. a week as a market salesman, and was in debt. Now the coppers must stop, following the re-assessments.

"It's not myself I'm worrying about," he said. "I can always struggle on. But the lad only married last year, and it's terrible hard."

In the same street a young man was paying 8s. rent out of his 16s. benefit; 2s. more goes to "clubs," so that he can keep himself respectably dressed.

I asked him how he lived on his 6s. a week. "I get a good feed on Sundays," he said, "and during the week it's bread and char (tea), bread and char."

He had thought of joining the new Army Reserve, which would mean six months of regular meals. He and his friends called the new force "The U.A.B. (Unemployment Assistance Board) Battalions." I like these lads. They were still vigorously alive, in spite of their meagre frames and pinched faces. Life to them was still an adventure.

But there was a different spirit among the older men. In Bath Street lives an engineer named McKay, who is being driven from his lodgings by a reduction. "A couple of bob makes all the difference to us," he said. He spoke wrathfully of the four-figure salaries of the U.A.B. chiefs. "I bet they don't even know the price o' bread's gone up!"

I asked him about his friends. "The men with big families are getting a bob or two more for the children, but they're more than taking it out of the rest of us."

Sauchiehall Street was like a lake of light as I crossed it on the Kelvingrove 'bus, but its brilliance soon gave way to the dark canon of tenements.

In one of these houses I met a woman from Lancashire. The cotton slump had sent her North, and she was working for a small wage in a machine shop.

Air of hope

She had hoped to marry a young factory worker, but the new scales had interfered. Her fiancé's father is unemployed, living at home with his two sons, and the allowance for the house has been cut by 16s. The son, who is working, thinks it his duty to help his family, and the marriage plans have been shelved for the moment.

Around the Glasgow docks there

CTRE of MONDAY —It HAUNTS Untold HOMES

Everywhere one goes there are little groups discussing the new scales—and wondering . . .

to leave home, with the reductions, and then they don't care what they do."

At Leith I found men who try to take unemployment and every other trouble in their stride. The trawlermen preserve something of the spirit of a vanished age. They live dangerously in all senses of the word, and their loyalty to their skippers and hatred of officialdom exemplifies their robust outlook on life.

Among the men in the seamen's boarding-houses there was unanimous disapproval of the new Regulations. Not a few of the Lowlanders and all the Shetland men spend time studying technical books for examinations, and one said, "If I get any more work, I realised that this would mean a useless waste of energy, for "the whisper" goes around certain "stands" at regular times, and casual applicants have practically no chance of being signed on by a sub-contractor.

In the Cardiff slums there are streets so mean and ugly that a sensitive man might well ask if the industrialism that produced them has been worth while. No trace of beauty comes to heal these adolescent scars of the coal and steel age, and it is little wonder that the workers flock on Saturdays in their thousands to the cheap kinemas to escape from reality for a few precious hours.

In Mardy the Regulations seemed to be the chief topic of conversation, and the women showed as clear a grasp of the rates and rules as their husbands.

In the Rhondda Valley "dole" has come to have its old meaning again—that of a man's lot or fate. Nothing else can be expected after fifteen years of stagnation. In a welfare hut near Bedwas men were comparing their new benefit assessments. One man had an increase of a shilling, but his brother in the same street had been cut down by five shillings.

Outside we could hear children singing in Welsh, their pleasant trebles rising in perfect time. The man who had been given the extra shilling suddenly stood up and looked through the window. The happy youngsters were playing in the sunshine. "Let them enjoy themselves while they can," he said. "They've got this to come to"—he pointed at the crowd of pallid men arguing around the table.

Budget triumph

In the little village of Tonyrefail I heard of a young man, the son of poor parents, who had worked his way to the university. He had too much pride to return home in the vacation, and worked as a navvy on the West Country roads.

In near-by Tylorstown, made famous by Jimmy Wilde, I watched two lithe young men sparring in a shed. An onlooker said, "We'll be 'for it' if the Board man gets to know. Lose a day's benefit," he explained, "it's happened before."

In Merthyr, Mrs. Reay, wife of a miner, showed me her weekly budget. Her husband turns over all his 24s. to her, and is allowed sixpence for cigarettes. With great thoroughness she went through the items of the weekly menu to prove her points.

The budget was a triumph of economical spending. Her husband's reduction will mean that she cannot afford fresh milk and the cheap fruit she has previously bought.

The young men of Merthyr who have grown up in the shadow of the Employment Exchange are not so much personal tragedies, like the older men, as national defeats.

At Pontypridd I was in the house of a former factory foreman, its shining windows and step marking the house-proud wife. But inside there was only the skeleton of a home. The furniture had gone, bit by bit, to fill the children's stomachs. These people had been brought up with a horror of asking for help, and their self-reliance has been hardly tried.

The mother told me that five years ago she had boasted to the neighbours that she would rather die than accept "doles" and free gifts. "But it was a foolish pride," she added, "and I had to suffer for it."

Her husband described how officials had recently questioned his relatives about his activities. "I thought I'd have died of shame."

In a row of miners' houses at Bedlinog I found again this detestation of personal inquisitions. "The honestest people get the worst end of it," said an old woman, whose son had left the district for London, like so many of the young Welsh miners.

Back in London, I watched men studying the new Regulations in the East End exchanges. Near Bethnal Green Exchange a crowd of men were applauding a speaker—a wild-eyed, long-haired youth in shabby flannels. Well-dressed passers-by smiled superciliously at the flailing hands and the harsh words shouted above the dull roar of the traffic.

Easy to forget

I wondered what they knew of the lives of the forgotten men. For in the great Metropolis it is only too easy to forget the workless thousands and their troubles. Unemployment does not thrust itself before the world as it does in New Bridge Street, Newcastle, or in the club-studded High Street of Mardy.

On the new estates around Dagenham I visited some of the recent immigrants from the provinces. Here was a new type of unemployed man. Alert and ambitious, they had found work in London, married, saved money, entered on long-term mortgage agreements to buy their houses—and had fallen out of work.

As with so many Londoners, they have few contacts with neighbours, and their struggles go on completely unperceived by those around. Neighbourly sympathy and advice, so general in the depressed areas, is often absent in the new London, and naturally home life suffers in proportion in difficult times.

One Scotsman at Dagenham told me that he and his family had only 5s. a week for food after all calls had been met. His mother-in-law was belying the theatrical jokes and allowing him a few shillings.

I believe this story could be duplicated dozens of times in every district, but in London it is more difficult to discover how individuals live than anywhere in the country.

Wistful gaze

At the Hammersmith Employment Exchange men were receiving interview cards for the glass and white-tiled factories on the Great West Road. Outside they made quickly for the 'buses. I caught the eye of one of the unlucky ones as he gazed wistfully after them. But he did not speak, and walked slowly away.

London's unemployed do not congregate in groups, save in parts of the East End, and even in the queue men may not exchange a word for months. Their protest against the Regulations generally takes the form of a petition.

But in the great city, as in town and village throughout the land, men and women are demanding the removal of the new hardships imposed on them by the Regulations.

All over the country there is misery in the homes of decent, clean-living people, who try to smile with despair in their hearts. And if this load of misery is not lightened a little the nation must sooner or later pay a heavy toll.

was an atmosphere of hope, for the liner "552" and other new contracts will mean work for hundreds of men. The tragedy is that thousands will never see the hoped-for green vacancy card.

In the Bridgeton Cross district one of the men at the Employment Exchange told me that the young fellows in his street were trying to join the Services. "Trouble is a lot get rejected, and then they join the gangs."

These gangs, known as the "boys" of various leaders, have established something like a reign of terror in certain wards. Shopkeepers and publicans are compelled to pay "dues" to avoid trouble, and even inoffensive pedestrians are sometimes accosted and threatened.

My informant thought that the new Regulations would worsen the evil. "The young fellows will have

questions about spending my time reading there's going to be trouble."

From Scotland I went to South Wales, where last year I witnessed some of the vast demonstrations that compelled the withdrawal of the first draft of the U.A.B. Regulations.

Mean streets

In Cardiff a friend told me of the inquisitions of the Board officials. "Your life's not your own, now," he said. "They've got us all ticketed and card-indexed. Nobody tries to save a penny when they're working, as you only get penalised for thrift."

A docker said that the U.A.B. officials had asked him for a detailed report of his daily movements. "They told me they'd check up on everything, so I'd have to spend a full day going about."

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Continuing AIR MERCENARY *by T. Wewege-Smith*

"Men and machines didn't last long in the Chaco. I asked a veteran pilot of twenty-five at what figure he would put the average 'expectation of life.' 'I don't know,' he laughed, 'but you can have six months, with luck, for the expectation of death.'"

Thus Lieutenant "Tommy" Wewege-Smith, the only Englishman who flew for Bolivia, summarises the completely fatalistic outlook of his comrade aviators in the Chaco's "Green Hell."

And here he tells the story of his first bombing raid over the enemy lines—in a war that had no front and in a climate as lethal as the enemy guns.

The bomb racks were not in order, so we had to dump our hundred-pounders through the hole in the floor!

"OVER THE TOP" IN A BOMBER

EVERYBODY knows that "Happy Landings!" is an aviator's toast. I have drunk it scores of times in every sort of company. I have seen the whole earth tilt sideways and rush up to hit me like a swinging wall so often that I still see it sometimes, wheeling and crashing, in my dreams.

And yet I know now that the risk of landing is one of the flying man's minor perils in a modern war. Nothing is easier, for instance, than to crash a bus on its first take-off. I have seen that happen many times.

And, if you gain altitude without accident, there remains the risk of neat anti-aircraft shooting by the enemy, or successful attack by hostile fighters, or, above all, a plain sickness and disease to put you out of business before the next "flip."

Colonel Jordan, the Bolivian Air Commander, flashed white teeth at me when I reported at Villa Montes, the Bolivians' only respectable aerodrome on the Chaco front. He looked extraordinarily trim in his khaki drill and quite unlike the battered figure I had seen some days before climbing out of the débris of a new Falcon at La Paz.

Jordan, who survived the war and is now a Cabinet Minister in La Paz, is a grand flier, the kind that dusts its uniform with a careless flick of the wrist when it steps clear of the wreckage. He went up to La Paz from the front, as I have said, to take over a batch of new Curtiss machines. At the aerodrome there he tried out a brand new Falcon.

With throttle wide open, he started to take off. The tail left the ground, the wheels slowly came unstuck. Slowly into the air the machine rose—one foot—two—three, and then—smash—a pile of stones, perhaps five feet high, at the end of the drome caught his undercarriage! A mad half-turn—and crash!

Oh, boy! What a mess that was! A second before a gorgeous new 'plane. Flying time, ten minutes. Cost, thirty thousand American dollars. Then, as Jordan stepped clear and pursed his lips into a whistle, one saw a twisted mass of scrap.

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"Ah, hah, Senor Tommy," he said. "I was expecting you, but not so soon. In two, three days, you go on to Carandaiti, They are working up there. Meanwhile, at the mess, we shall drink your health."

Nothing could have been more cordial than my reception by the Bolivian flying men.

Two or three of them spoke English, or American, which was near enough, and the remainder hilariously encouraged my efforts at Spanish. The aerodrome was outside the town and the guns were a distant thunder scarcely to be noted except at night.

They flew me up from Villa Montes to Carandaiti in a single-engined Junkers. I was new to the Chaco, and the pilot roared with laughter when I burned my hand and swore as I climbed into my seat.

It was infernally hot at the time The temperature varied between 110 and 120 degrees. If you touched metal which had been exposed to the sun, you blistered your hand in a moment. And if, being aware of this risk, you climbed safely into the cabin of an all-metal Junker at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, you were slowly boiled alive, like a lobster.

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I reached Carandaiti intact, but red-faced and smoking hot. I lay that night beneath canvas with millions of tiny wings that hummed and buzzed and sang outside the mosquito netting which my native batman had drawn tight.

Before ever the aeroplane was invented there was an air war in the Grand Chaco. The teeming hot-house atmosphere swum with minute insects. In the morning at sunrise the tiny *marihui* swirled like motes in the sun's rays.

They attacked us in billions, minute black insects, far smaller than a pin's head, which alight and sting, extracting a drop of blood and leaving in its place a minutely deadly portion of their own ballast—a poison that raises a swelling and a most exquisite itch.

They were no more than the vanguard of a great host of winged enemies, creatures that buzzed and stung and ceaselessly tormented. The malaria-bearing mosquitoes followed the *marihui* and, in the damper months, the dank ground seemed to breed scorpions.

One night, in my own adobe hut, I hunted with my electric torch and found and slaughtered seventeen of these venomous little brutes. To be bitten by one of them is agony, and the pain persists for several days.

The scorpions, thank heaven, could not climb up the legs of a table or a bed. But in Carandaiti we were worried by a species of spider, large and black and hairy, that would run along the ceiling and drop to one's bed.

Carandaiti was one of our advanced aerodromes. On that particular sector it was, normally, about twelve miles behind the "line." But there was no real "front" in the Chaco and sometimes, in the flux of the fighting, Carandaiti would be almost within rifle shot of the nearest Paraguayan concentration.

The next morning I discovered that I had been posted to a typical Chaco squadron. At that 'drome when I arrived we had three single-seater fighters—Curtis-Wright Hawks, with 734 h.p. Wright-Cyclone engine; one two-seater day bomber, a Falcon, fitted with the same engine as the Hawks; and three Wright-Ospreys.

These latter were light bombers with 450 h.p. Wright-Whirlwind engines and, of all the machines we used, at various times, I am inclined to think the Ospreys served us best.

The ground staff at Carandaiti was almost entirely native, with N.C.O.s who had enough Spanish blood to be regarded as "white men." I learned, rather to my surprise, that the Bolivians had no official "air force"—they simply posted officers and men to their air units as occasion required. And, by the same token, they drew upon their

(*Continued on page 28*)

Are you "Dumb"?

Of course not—and you want the best Sherry obtainable. Insist on SANDEMAN and you get the best. Don't take what's given to you if it's not SANDEMAN. Refuse point-blank and go elsewhere.

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THE TRANSFER OF THIS PRETTY TRAY CLOTH WILL BE SENT IN EXCHANGE for ROBIN STARCH LIDS

ONLY two little floral patterns on opposite corners—but what a charming result the designer of this tray cloth has achieved! The size is 20 in. by 14 in.—just the size, in all probability, to fit a tray you have. The work involved is very small in extent. The design in the corners is carried out in cut-work. The material—white Irish linen. There's nothing like fine linen for showing off embroidery. And for a fine linen there's nothing like Robin Starch—mixed in a moment, with nothing to add. So don't deny your tray cloth the benefit of Robin. You'll feel the prouder of your handiwork when you see the pattern stand out against glossy linen—when you see the crisp perfection your smoothly-gliding iron leaves behind!

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I enclose Robin Starch lids bearing prices to the amount of 10d. Please send an embroidery transfer of Tray Cloth R.K. 112, measuring 20 in. x 14 in. (PLEASE WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

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Address.....

.....

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NO FREE MILTON!

"How long are you in prison for, my man?" asked the prison visitor.

"Two months, lady," replied the inmate.

"What is the charge?"

"There's no charge, lady. That's one of the good things about it—everything's free."

Now, we're not going to say that Milton is free! But one of the good things about the wonderful Milton method of cleaning false teeth is that there is almost no charge. At least, when you realise that you can buy Milton for sixpence and how very little you use each time, you see how very inexpensive it works out.

And what a blessing compared to the old-fashioned scrubbing business. Just a glass of water. In with your plate. And next morning with one rinse—hey presto, there it is. All the stains gone. All the food deposits from the tiniest crevices. Shining clean. Surgically clean!

The Milton people have hundreds of letters from enthusiastic Milton users. And they all say the same sort of thing! "Milton for false teeth is splendid stuff. Milton's so easy. Milton is invaluable for keeping dentures clean and free from film." And so on . . .

If you're not using Milton for *your* false teeth—well, what a pity!

NESTLÉ'S MILK WITH cornflakes *for greater* nourishment

LONG MOTOR DRIVES UPSET THE STOMACH

Every motorist who goes for long trips, whether in a nippy sports model or in the driver's cabin of a heavy coach or lorry, knows only too well how prone the stomach is to get out of order. Hurried meals are only half digested before the journey has to be resumed. Before ten miles have been covered, the stomach protests. It won't work in these unfair conditions. The rest of the journey is misery.

Motorists and motor drivers can save themselves every sign of stomach discomfort by taking two tablets of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder just before starting off after a halt for food. Some drivers who have experienced the great relief brought about by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder go so far as to carry some ready mixed in a bottle of water, but the tablets make an excellent alternative. The effect of the powder or tablets on the stomach is magical. Discomfort disappears immediately and you feel better altogether. Always insist when buying MACLEAN BRAND, either the powder or tablets, on seeing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Nothing else is so effective. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

Continued from Page 26

MY FIRST RAID

aerodromes for front-line service in any emergency.

The result of this curious arrangement was that every squadron was stiff with amateurs and inexperienced men. On the other hand every pilot and observer was dead keen to make good, for, if he didn't, he would be returned without ceremony to the mud and horror and foul beastliness of the trenches where the native troops fought and sweated and died.

The Ospreys had engines which were not too high powered and not too complicated for our native mechanics to deal with. The bigger machines, on the contrary, were a constant source of trouble, chiefly because our servicing and maintenance standards were hopelessly inadequate.

Regarded as a specialist in bombing, the Commander of the Carandaiti Squadron informed me pleasantly that I should soon be flying in a Vickers-Vespa, which was then being overhauled in Villa Montes.

I gathered, from other pilots, that this ancient bus was being more or less tied together with string and wire, and that she was a known killer which, had, unhappily, never been written off as a total loss. They hoped I might have the luck to get a dud pilot who would pile her up at once before either he or I were killed.

Higgins' twenty-pounders had been very successful. At least one of them played "merry hell" with an advance post

« « «

Meanwhile, for some few days, I played an onlooker's part and swatted Spanish. Every morning three or four of our planes took off to do a spot of bombing and gunning over the Paraguayan lines.

I didn't understand then that the "lines" were not lines at all, but merely concentrations at road heads that furrowed the amazing green jungle that spread all around us for hundreds of miles in every direction.

During these routine raids we usually dropped twenty-pound bombs of American and French manufacture, but our maps were very crude and, more often than not, our bombers loosed off by sheer guess work.

The position was, indeed, so uncertain that the Bolivian pilots frequently used the Dive method, swooping down to within a few hundred feet of the ground before dropping their bombs at all.

This diving is too darned dangerous to be pleasant. I found, from my own experience, that the Pilas were very well equipped with automatic rifles and the air would be humming with bullets directly we dropped below a thousand feet. Even at 3,000 feet the risk of puncture was very considerable.

Before I had been more than a week at Carandaiti I discovered that the total strength of the Bolivian Air Force varied between thirty and forty machines! Twice that number must have been written off from time to time as total losses, but the "Pilas" were worse off than we were.

Taking it by and large, Bolivia certainly had the mastery of the air. But we should have needed not tens but hundreds of aeroplanes to exercise a decisive influence on that strange and murderous war.

Just before I made my first bombing raid one of our Ospreys was caught by three of the Paraguayan Potez machines while doing an observation flip alone. I forget who was piloting the machine at the time, but he had been playing poker with us in the tent until a few minutes before he took off.

Solares, a boy of twenty-six, who had been educated in England (St. Joseph's College, London), was his observer, and he waved to me as the Osprey took off. I liked young Solares. We swapped language lessons a good deal and he was always cheery.

When he came back from that flip his face was pale beneath its tan.

"Did we have the good fortune, Tommy?" he said. "Ah, not half! I am looking down, you see, taking my observations, when I feel there is what you say, 'something doing'! Three 'planes are coming flying at us. I think they must be our own Hawks doing a patrol, and I go on with my sketching.

« « «

"Then—Pouf!—my map-holder flies from my hand. See, here is the bullet hole. And there are bullets like mosquitoes all round. We turn the tail and run for home. Come with me and look at the tank. Five holes and no more than a litre of petrol left! Good health once more! How glad I am to be back!"

I went along with him to look over the Osprey. As he said, the tank was holed five times and there were twenty-five other bullet holes in the wings and fuselage. But neither pilot nor observer was touched.

"You were born to be hanged, Solares," I said. He shrugged his shoulders and laughed at me.

"There is always to-day, Tommy. Let us go back to the mess and invent a new cocktail."

There were a dozen of us in that officers' mess at Carandaiti, including the Major. Solares and I got through the war unhurt, but six of the men who threw dice with us that evening had been killed before the year was out.

It did not take me long to learn that roads were all-important in that war. "Chaco" is an Indian word meaning "forest." Hundreds of miles of forest surrounded us and enveloped both armies. From the air the immense green carpet of lowish trees and dense bush was streaked with roads.

Along the irregular "front" each road was cut by a horizontal clearing like the upper part of the letter T. Trenches ran along the head of each T, and from these trenches the infantry on both sides watched the road and feared the forest.

Two or three days after my arrival in Carandaiti another lieutenant—Spanish as they make them but with the curiously familiar name of "Lynch"—asked me to go shooting with him.

His English was as limited as my Spanish, but we got on famously together. Solares had told me previously that Lynch was a descendant of that Irish Admiral Lynch who fought for Chile in the Spanish War of Independence nearly a hundred years ago.

We strolled out of the aerodrome into the Chaco with a couple of sporting guns, picked our way through the undergrowth for perhaps an hour, and brought down a couple of birds of the carrion type.

Then I thought it was time to get back and turned to retrace our steps. Lynch laughed and asked me where I was going. We argued at much length and with some heat before we discovered that we were both completely lost.

It was foolish, of course, to have gone so far without a compass. Nothing can be easier than to lose oneself in the Chaco. Once fairly among the trees, all sense of direction vanishes and a man may die within a mile or two of safety.

We cast about in various directions for an hour or more, and I was badly frightened. Then, coming to a natural clearing, we made out a line of hills, and, from their contour, both of us could guess where the aerodrome lay.

If we had been infantrymen that line of hills might have meant very little to us, but any flying man learns to remember and recognise landmarks of that kind. Cautiously climbing a tree now and then, to keep the hills in sight, we worked our way back to camp.

« « «

I never forgot that lesson, and it bred in me an acute sympathy for our own infantry, far less familiar with that terrible country than the Paraguayans, who lay in their trenches at the "T" crossings and could never tell for certain whether the "Pilas" had not deployed by night to advance stealthily through the enveloping greenery on either side of the long road and take them in the rear.

We ourselves attempted a large encircling movement of this kind two or three weeks later. In the meantime I was sent out on my first bombing raid.

Frankly, I was thrilled to the marrow when the Major told me curtly that I was to go out and bomb the enemy front in the direction of Picuiba next day. Major Higgins was coming up from Villa Montes and was accompanying us as observer in a Falcon.

As agent for an American arms firm he had received complaints that his bombs were not doing all they were supposed to do and he "had to be shown."

There was a strong wind blowing from

(*Continued on page 30*)

FORGERY!

The exploits of master forgers included in "The Fifty Most Amazing Crimes of the Last 100 Years" will hold you spellbound.

This astonishing new work, containing 768 pages, nearly 300,000 words, and magnificently illustrated, is free to you! It is JOHN BULL'S Great Gift to every one of its readers. Act at once. Turn to the centre pages of this issue and post the Presentation Form immediately. There's not a moment to lose

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DOG owners! Here's your chance to obtain a Superb Art Colour Picture—of the type for which Art Dealers charge at the very least half a guinea—at absolutely no cost to yourself! The picture is of two English Spaniels and is magnificently lithogravured in six colours from the original painting by the late Dorothy Adamson, R.I., R.O.I., whose work is admired by Art Connoisseurs the world over. Printed on expensive cartridge paper, the picture measures 22 in. by 19½ in., and is beautiful enough to grace the walls of an Art Gallery. All you have to do to get the picture is to buy only 1/- packet Karswood Dog Powders from Boots or any of the 8,000 chemists, etc., who sell these famous powders, which are used by 80 out of every 100 dog experts to keep their valuable Champion dogs in perfect show condition. No coupons to collect—and there is no waiting!—you simply buy 1/- packet Karswood Dog Powders (containing 21 powders) and get your copy of the picture at the same time. If any difficulty, please refer dealer to E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., Adelphi, Salford, Manchester, 3, who will tell him how to get the Picture for you.

HINTS, TIPS *and* Useful Things to KNOW

by Molly Montague

STRANGE as it may seem there are still people who believe that 1864 pennies contain gold, that they are therefore valuable and consequently rare. Their rarity is merely due to the fact that in 1864 very few pence were struck, while their value is precisely one penny each. A similar rumour, and for a similar reason, often circulates regarding 1922 pennies.

Anyway, talking about the saving of pennies, quite a useful saving can be accomplished by making preserves from any surplus fruit in the garden. At this time of the year many lucky housewives are able to use up a quantity of jam-making fruit. Realise the value of making the jars absolutely airtight, securing the jam covers with adhesive tape instead of string. Also, when bottling pickles, boil the corks, and while still hot press into the neck of the bottle. You will find that they tighten up when they become cold, and effectively seal the bottle.

After the Holidays.

Returning fresh from a summer holiday is just the time to do little extra jobs. Tan shoes often look woebegone after a stay at the seaside. They soil easily and sometimes fade in parts to a lighter tan than the rest of the shoe. The best course is to wash the shoes in a solution of warm soda water, using a soft dry flannel with a little soap. Dry thoroughly in the air, then rub with the inside of a banana skin; afterwards polish all over with a dark tan polish. One can then again emerge in the shoes and finish the season without a blush of shame!

My Gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, one of the most prevalent of modern ills.

Another post-holiday problem is the redness of the elbows and backs of the arms after exposure to sea, wind, and sun. And this is a difficult place to treat satisfactorily. A good liquid cream which contains peroxide of hydrogen is excellent to use, for it remains on well throughout the night and removes any discolouration.

Somewhat disconsolately one reflects how soon the summer blooms will fade. But some of our gorgeous autumn leaves can be preserved to make a good winter stand-by. Choose branches of leaves that are fresh and free from insect holes. Buy some commercial glycerine, which is cheaper and better for the purpose than the medicinal kind, and half fill the vases in which you wish to place the leaves. Put in the branches and be sure that the glycerine is always at the same level. They last fresh a long time, and are excellent for table decoration when flowers are scarce.

Ants appear to be a terrible nuisance at this time of the year. Even when one can find the hole from which they come in the garden, many women detest the thought of pouring boiling water over any living thing. Prevention is really the best cure. Buy some pure carbolic acid and a camel hair brush. Deal specially with the pantry, as it is food that attracts the insects. Take every article out and wipe with a damp cloth which has been dipped in a solution of carbolic acid and water. Wash the shelves and window-sill. Then dip the brush in the acid and smear along the edges of shelves and window frame, also on the ground at the side of the door. Paint in this manner for three days in succession, which drives the ants from the house entirely.

An Eternal Problem.

Living economically is a terrible problem to some people—like an unfortunate wife of a friend of mine who suffered from rheumatism. Her children going to school require a lot of attention, and money scon flies when a paid domestic help has to be employed continuously. Some few years ago she became troubled with Rheumatism, which, in spite of various treatments, steadily grew worse. Visits to expensive spas followed and all manner of ways of obtaining relief were tried unstintingly. So much so, that this young couple's income was considerably reduced. Beside this, the wife's condition, instead of improving, grew worse, and gradually developed into a chronic stage.

What a blight had descended upon that so happy home! Although doctors and specialists strove hard, the heroic little woman who had borne her harrowing burden with such fortitude, could obtain no alleviation even from their expert administrations.

My friends, however, remained undaunted, and continued to try everything that held out hope of relief.

Then a chance acquaintance recommended a simple form of treatment that had many remarkable cases to its merit. With fresh hope the young couple applied for a sample and a booklet describing the treatment, although it seemed that the simple little gelatine capsules which were contained in the sample could not possibly bring about results when all other forms of treatment had failed.

Success!

However, "as a drowning man clutches at a floating straw," the young wife, in desperation, commenced the treatment. After the first dose she was feeling better. In a fortnight there was a marked improvement in her condition. Within two months all sign of the supposed "incurable" complaint had entirely disappeared! Thus were the young husband's increasing financial sacrifices rewarded!

Seeing the remarkable results obtained, I asked more about the treatment, and have recommended it personally to many friends who have themselves obtained benefit.

The treatment is marketed under the name of "Curicones," and has been available now for over 20 years. It has earned the praise of many eminent medical men, including a Harley Street specialist, who have pronounced the capsules to be of inestimable value in the treatment of Rheumatic disorders.

A Chance to Play the Good Samaritan.

Now if you yourself suffer from a rheumatic ill, or have a friend so afflicted, make use of my shopping coupon which I give below. Without delay, fill it in clearly with your name and address, or the name and address of your friend, and send it to me as directed on the coupon. Then I will arrange that you receive, free of all charge and post free, a wonderful trial supply of "Curicones." I will also arrange that this generous gift shall be accompanied by a splendid little booklet explaining the cause of rheumatic troubles. Act now, and bring relief, if not to yourself, at least to your friend.

If you don't seal the envelope, a halfpenny stamp is enough for the coupon. Good-bye for the present. MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague,
Dept. J.B.M.,
19, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send free of charge the "Curicones" sample you offer.

Name .....

Address .....

(J.B.) .....

GOOD REPORT on the Murphy Battery Set by "WIRELESS WORLD"

"Wireless World", probably the soundest wireless technical journal sold to the Public today, has just reviewed the Murphy B.23 battery set. Here are a few extracts from the review:

"Although its price is low, this receiver has all the good qualities of robust design and clean workmanship which characterise the more expensive receivers in the Murphy range."

"In the B.23, matters have been so arranged that it appears to be virtually impossible to produce distorted reproduction."

"—the set is capable of a performance in the matter of range, if not in selectivity, which is comparable with a superheterodyne."

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MODEL B. 23

3-valve battery operated straight H.F. receiver. Fitted with moving coil loudspeaker and wavelength dial extending from 195–550 and 850–2,100 metres. Uses any 120-volt H.T. battery. The consumption at this voltage is only 7 m/a. Automatic grid bias, avoiding the necessity for separate bias battery. Well finished cabinet in laminated wood with front finished in Walnut. Price **£6.7.6.** Batteries extra, costing from about **15/-**. Other Table Models from **£9.17.6.** Console Models from **£13.10.0** and Radiogramophones from **£24.0.0.** These prices do not apply in I.F.S.

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C.E.C. 629

Youre lucky

but Philip of Spain . .

not the one who had his beard singed by Drake before he had time to duck, or the one who invented onions — but the one who was affectionately known to his faithful subjects as "Old Hearthrug". Yes that's the one. With the lank locks drooping coyly round his sailor collar. What he needed of course was a pair of shears and a tin of Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine. Then he would have looked truly regal. Field's gives hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff — the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You *can* pay four times as much — but *why should you?*

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Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is to send coupon in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (for Free Trial only and not for Sale). It contains more than enough to prove it is the WORLD'S BEST remedy for INDIGESTION and its kindred ailments. Tasteless and harmless. THE PROVED REMEDY FOR

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Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. Please write clearly.

Continued from page 28

DEADLY HAVOC BELOW

NEXT WEEK

Hazards and thrills become part of the daily routine as the author is plunged into the thick of a relentless campaign. His blunt, first-hand accounts of aerial warfare above "the green hell" make breathless reading

the north that day and it was a darned sight cooler out of it than in it. That wind came at us like a furnace blast. It left us gasping and wet with sweat. Higgins arrived from Villa Montes in the evening and with him a case of gin. They were both welcome, for the mess had been reduced to cocktails brewed from medicinal alcohol and gingered up with black coffee and a dash of toothpaste.

By this 'plane, too, there came a .38 Colt revolver for me to complete my equipment. The Paraguayan native troops were reputed to be none too gentle with captured aviators. Apart from that, there are some crashes after which a man might pray God for a gun.

My machine that flip was one of our Junkers. A wild youngster named Rocca —whose cheery grin and broken English had amused me without giving me any confidence in him as a pilot—was to fly her, with me as his co-pilot, to take over if necessary *and* to do the bombing.

< < <

It was certainly a change from the R.A.F. machines I had been used to. The bomb racks were not in order, and so we had to take an Indian mechanic with us to dump our hundred-pounders through the hole in the floor.

To this end I lay at full length looking down through the observation trap, for we had no proper sights. When I waved my left leg, Rocca was to turn left; when I waved my right, he was to turn in that direction.

And when I yelled to "Gordo" (Indian for "Fatty"), the mechanic had to tip out one of the bombs and make it snappy. I didn't much care about those big, loose bombs just lying in the cockpit, but there was nothing else for it.

We took off at six in the morning, Higgins keeping near us in the Falcon, which carried a few twenty-pounders. I had been up, of course, before this, but only observing, not bombing.

Still, the carpet of green was familiar enough to me as seen from the air with the road lines that cut it like thin hairs.

After a while we were well over the Paraguayan front and nearing a junction of three main roads. The altitude was too great to observe troops, if any, but I shouted to Gordo and the first hundred-pounder went streaking down.

It was a hit. Where the criss-cross of the roads had been there was a huge explosion and everything seemed to have been blown flat for a hundred yards around.

We flew on and at last we neared a clearing where there was obviously, even at that altitude (2,000 metres, a trifle over 6,000 ft.), an artillery formation.

We loosed off two bombs there. The first went wide into the forest, but the second was a smashing bullseye. The formation had virtually disappeared when I could see clearly again.

The hundred-pounders certainly had a big effect and seemed to blow everything flat for a hundred yards around. From our altitude we could not actually pick out men and guns, but I felt certain that I had seen movement. Of course, the guns would have been camouflaged in any case.

There was no movement after the great column of dust from the explosion had subsided!

< < <

Higgins signalled over from the Falcon that we had scored a direct hit. Then he went off to drop the lighter bombs he had with him in the Falcon.

I was immensely elated. Not until we were flying back to Carandaiti, after we had dropped the other "eggs," did I begin to see a picture of twisted guns and scattered black specks that had once been men.

I shut the picture out of my mind. One has to.

We got back to the 'drome by lunch and Rocca landed us safely, but with breath-taking recklessness. The Falcon came in a little later, and Higgins told us complacently that the twenty-pounders had been very successful. At least one of them, he said, had "played merry hell" with a small advance post.

I wasn't quite sure whether the wish hadn't been father to the thought, because if you are flying at any height it is exceeding difficult to be sure of your hits and their effects with small bombs.

But Higgins was right enough. That evening word came through from the front that he had hit an advanced post all right, all right!

Unfortunately it happened to be one of our own. There were only three or four casualties, however. We chipped Higgins unmercifully about that.

He didn't seem to mind, but I couldn't help thinking the whole incident rather rich—selling the Bolivians the bombs in the first place and then dropping them on their own positions as a demonstration of efficiency. Perhaps you can't beat American salesmanship after all!

That evening the Major went into Carandaiti village and came back to the men with several "lady friends." We danced and sang until early in the morning.

Some of our fellows played the guitar marvellously well. And one of the Spanish-Indian girls sang a queer, sad song in a husky contralto. I couldn't understand the words, but the tune haunted me and filled me with gentle melancholy.

The night was very clear and millions of stars studded the velvet blackness of the sky.

< < <

I went back to my tent at last, and when I did fall asleep I dreamed not of bombs and aeroplanes, as one might have supposed, but of a cool, shady stretch of the old river Thames and the face of the woman I loved, smiling at me as I paddled our canoe beneath the willows.

(To be continued)

Greatest of These

Haunting Fear

Lilly

LILLY, aged four, lost her mother about three months ago. She died in hospital after giving birth to a baby girl.

Lilly's ex-Service father is heartbroken. "People say 'forget.'" he said, "but it seems to me the longer you go the worse it gets. Nobody knows what it means to me to have lost my wife. My eldest girl, who is eighteen, has had to give up her work where she was earning 30s. a week to look after the home and children."

* * *

Lilly's father has been out of work on and off for three years, and has been signing on at the employment exchange for the last two years. Of his six children, a girl aged sixteen is in irregular employment. Her earnings lately have averaged 7s. a week, which with his "relief" is all that is coming in. The other children are under fourteen. The infant is still in hospital.

Lilly's dad owes some £8 for his wife's funeral and his rent of 12s. 6d. a week is nearly £4 behind. His furniture costs him 5s. 6d. a week.

It would mean a great relief to Lilly's father if he could clear his debts. He is, of course, doing his utmost to get work, and has pawned what he could to keep things going.

Donations earmarked "Lilly" and those for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

NEW WAY TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS AND CATARRH

They've found a way to make a wonderful home-made remedy for Coughs, Colds and Catarrh more effective than ever.

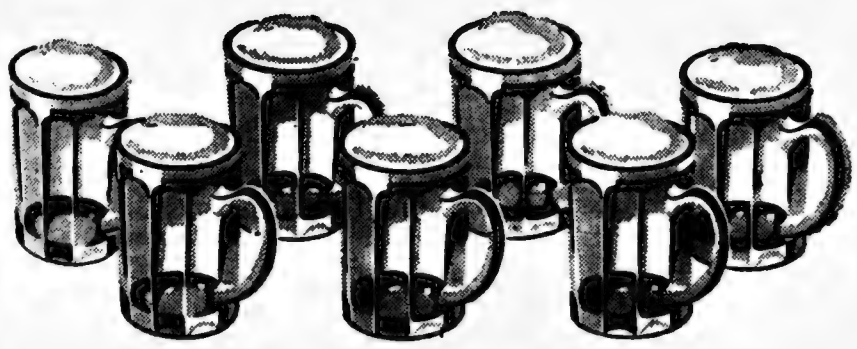
Doctors always have known that one of the best ways to cure any catarrhal infection was to get an ounce of Double Strength Parmint from a chemist and mix it with half a pint of sugar or honey syrup. Now, when you get your Parmint, the chemist will give you some special tablets called Parmitabs. Take one of these first to break the phlegm which clogs the air passages and stops ordinary medicines reaching the germs that cause your trouble.

Then the Parmint syrup can really get to work. Almost at once you'll feel relief. Your breathing will be easier: your head clearer and free from noises. In a day or two all your infection will have disappeared.

If you've any suspicion of a cough or cold or catarrh, do try this new, improved home-made treatment to-day. Any chemist can supply you with Parmint and it's very easy and cheap to make up

WORK OR PLAY

WIN OR LOSE



beer is best

269

I'm the boss, little man!

If there are any rules and regulations around here, *I* make 'em. That's why you find me smoking all day long. Only one thing would stop me and that's a tobacco that couldn't stand the pace. I've you to thank for one that's fully matured and free from artificial flavours—no dried-up mouth or tainted tongue for me!

FOUR SQUARE

Tobaccos and Cigarettes

Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*)	10½d.
Curlies (*Purple Squares*)	10½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*)	11d.
Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*)	11d.
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*)	1/2½d.
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*)	1/3d.

10½d to 1/3d

Sold in the new easy-to-open 1-oz. and 2-oz. vacuum tins. All Blends are Medium Strength.

ALSO FOUR SQUARE OUTSIZE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES. PACKETS: 10 FOR 7d., 20 FOR 1/2d. FLAT TINS: 25 FOR 1/6d.

SAMPLES OF ALL 6 BLENDS, 1/-, WRITE DEPT. *JB.11*, GEORGE ROBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

Basil Butler

Look into "JOHN BULL'S" "Shop Window" and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Valuable Bargains. See pages 2, 3 and 16.

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

SOLD IN BOTTLES at 1/3.

INSIST ON FENNINGS'

FOR INFLUENZA COLDS & FEVERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

STABBING PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is a meal to you just another pain in the stomach? Do you get up from the table, hoping that the old stabbing pains will be 'off duty' for once? You can drive away indigestion with astonishing rapidity with a couple of Digestif Rennie Pastilles. This lady knew all the torments of stomach pain after meals. Read her letter—typical in its enthusiasm:—

'I am writing to say that since using Digestif Rennie, I certainly feel much better. For some months past I have been troubled with acute indigestion, and after trying various remedies, Digestif Rennie has proved most successful in removing stabbing pain immediately after meals. This is just a note of appreciation.' Mrs. E. C., Dorset.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles look like sweets and taste like sweets. Nevertheless they contain highly effective antacids which neutralise excess acid—the main cause of indigestion. Their 15 ingredients combine to free you of stomach gas, remove poisonous toxins, increase the circulation of blood to the stomach and help the normal processes of digestion. Each tablet is separately wrapped in wax paper so that you can easily carry a few loose in your waistcoat pocket or handbag. Take two Rennies after meals, and you can eat what you like.

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, an illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid **£4.17.6**

Easy Payments 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. F. of Bethnal Green, writes:—"Received Wireless Set in perfect condition and I must say it is a wonderful Set for the money. My sister heard it, and sent for one the same day, which she has also received and thinks wonderful. My father has got a Wireless Set that he had from you 8 years ago, and it is still in good working order, with the same valves you sent with the Set."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

B.D.V. CORRECTION.

Will readers please note that the price of B.D.V Brown Label Tobacco is 10d. an oz., and not 10½d. as incorrectly printed in the August 15 issue. B.D.V. Brown Label is an excellent tobacco, which can be obtained in the new airtight tins.

Bogus Earl and the GIRL

A HIGH-FLYING, young impostor, whose handsome appearance and romantic tongue are his chief characteristics, is at present on the warpath, claiming to belong to a noted titled family, to possess (or to be about to inherit) a racing stud, several fine estates and untold wealth.

He has—so his tale goes—inherited the earldom recently vacated by the death of his father.

The bogus earl, who says he has already taken over one of the "late peer's estates in an eastern county area, is in the early thirties.

He has passed by many names, but that which he evidently favours most is the family name of a titled man with whom he has no connection at all.

His real name is Dale.

He comes from quite a respectable and hard-working family, but his people have had nothing to do with him for years.

He lost several good positions obtained for him in earlier days, and for a long time past has preferred to live by his wits rather than turn his hand to honest work.

The mansions and other possessions he talks so glibly and confidingly about are, like the "earldom," completely figments of his own imagination.

One of his victims he met at a London hotel. Within a few weeks he had proposed marriage to her and obtained from her various loans which he promised to repay from the proceeds of one of the legacies "in which he was the principal beneficiary."

When she began to doubt his claims to position and title he induced her to make several journeys with him to the North of England where he told her that he had engagements with solicitors and others in connection with his finances and estates.

It is in intimate surroundings such as this film setting that this rogue weaves romantic stories for the ears of his feminine dupes

Stranded

In the end, she found him out—and found herself at the same time left stranded outside a solicitor's office.

More recently he met another dupe in a provincial town. At the time of their acquaintance his father, the alleged peer, was said to be still alive and in residence at a county manor. Actually the name of the town in which this manor was supposed to be situated was chosen by Dale just casually because his previous victim returned to her mother's home there after she had been duped.

Another recent victim is a girl who assisted in the management of an hotel at which Dale stayed before he inherited the "earldom." She found him, as most people do for a time, a charming companion, and was naturally enthusiastic when she later learned that she might in the near future become his wife, and thereby elevated to the peerage!

So no wonder she was very proud on the day she first introduced him to her parents and relatives; and they in turn felt it something of an honour to make him various loans.

Incidentally he also passed himself off with this family as a flying "ace," and as an author of several literary works.

When their suspicions were aroused and the loans stopped, he decided to make a secret trip to the Midlands to attend to business interests. Since then the family has seen no more of him, and the "wedding" is off.

Put up banns!

Enquiries revealed that the county residence did not exist, and that all the stories and promises told and made to the girl and her people were false.

We can reveal further that several women have complained to the police about the audacious frauds of this bogus "earl."

In one case he won the affections of a rich girl whose people maintain a luxurious residence in Knightsbridge, London. He was just an "Honourable" then, but made predictions of what he intended to do when he took over the full title and estate.

His impudence in inducing this girl to loan him money passed all bounds, for he actually put up the banns of marriage at a fashionable church. He gave a false name and address in so doing, and disappeared just before the wedding was due to take place.

Another of his victims is a woman who was anxious to make a good marriage and, believing that he was all he claimed to be, but could not always get money due to him quickly, kept him in funds for several months before she discovered that he was well connected only in his own fertile imagination.

There is, as we have said, no "Earldom," though several people with titles have to be sympathised with in the use which has been made of the similarity of names by this impostor who resorts to the misuse of any name at will.

But he is quite well known to the police records at Scotland Yard, and has several convictions of fraud.

In every case where, for previous exploits, he has been brought to book he deceived his dupes with stories about his social status and lordly prospects.

Once when he appeared in the dock at the Old Bailey, it was proved that he was victimising several girls at once.

And, following his present escapades, the only inheritance he deserves is another stiff sentence!

A Good Man

"HE'S a good man to have around," is the way a popular song described that domestic treasure—a good husband.

Well, there's a man up in Falkirk of whom that can be said. When, recently, he extinguished in a matter of minutes a blaze-up in his home that might have destroyed his house, he seemed a very good man indeed to have around.

But he soon realised that he would have to "be around" too much in the ensuing weeks. Surveying his puffed and blistered hands, his doctor said he wouldn't be able to go to work for a month.

That meant—no pay. And he had been thinking he had saved his little family from a terrible blow.

JOHN BULL would have paid for damaged furniture, after all, because he had qualified for the benefits of our unique Free Insurance scheme by signing a coupon—reprinted to-day on page 42. What now?

Well, we paid him, in respect of that month of incapacitation, a cheque that kept his home going until he resumed work. He had forgotten that benefit of many, at first.

All offered *free* for a signature—on the coupon that awaits your name, now, on page 42.

SYNDICATE RAMP

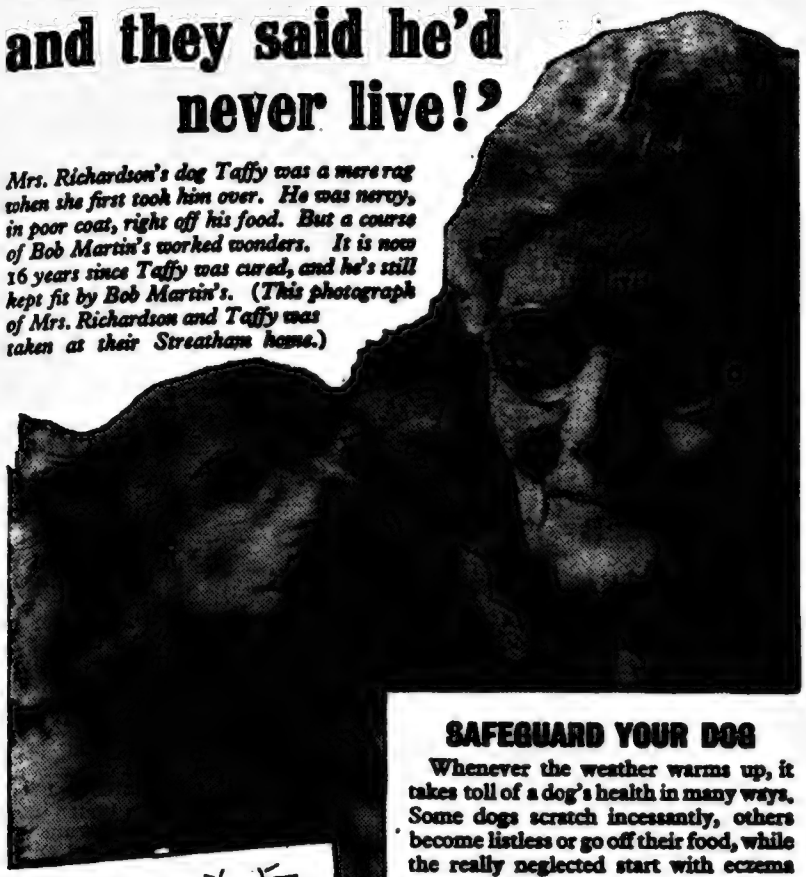
PEOPLE who have money available for investment, and whose names are recorded on the files of reputable companies, should be on their guard against a plausible rascal who poses as an hotel proprietor seeking suitable premises for purchase. A typical example of his roguery may be given in the case of a woman who advertised in a daily newspaper to the effect that she was willing to invest in a sound undertaking.

The rogue gave an assumed name and showed the woman plans which he said had been prepared from the acquisition of a site in a growing district a few miles from London. Her investment in a secret syndicate would entitle her to a prescribed share of the profits, which were certain.

She parted with her cheque and the romancer disappeared. Enquiries revealed that he had only recently been in the hands of the police!

He uses so many names—a different one on almost every occasion he operates—that it is difficult to curb his activities, though within the last few weeks Sir Philip Game, Commissioner of the Metropole Police, has issued a special warning about him to every police station up and down the country.

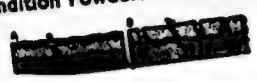
"my dog is 17 YEARS OLD and they said he'd never live!"



Mrs. Richardson's dog Taffy was a mere rag when she first took him over. He was nervy, in poor coat, right off his food. But a course of Bob Martin's worked wonders. It is now 16 years since Taffy was cured, and he's still kept fit by Bob Martin's. (This photograph of Mrs. Richardson and Taffy was taken at their Streatham home.)

WHY TAFFY WAS SICKLY

Nine-tenths of the common ailments of dogs are due to food impurities in the blood. A dog cannot rid himself of these impurities by perspiring because, as this diagram shows, a dog's skin (B) is non-porous, whereas in human skin (A) there are perspiration ducts. That is why every dog needs the blood correctives contained in Bob Martin's Condition Powders.



SAFEGUARD YOUR DOG

Whenever the weather warms up, it takes toll of a dog's health in many ways. Some dogs scratch incessantly, others become listless or go off their food, while the really neglected start with eczema or swellings between the toes. These are the common blood disorders in dogs, which Bob Martin's Condition Powders have been curing for 40 years.

But our most important message to you is that all these blood disorders can be *prevented* by regular conditioning. The Bob Martin method of conditioning was originated forty years ago by Mr. Bob Martin, and is recommended to you by leading breeders and other authorities all over the world.

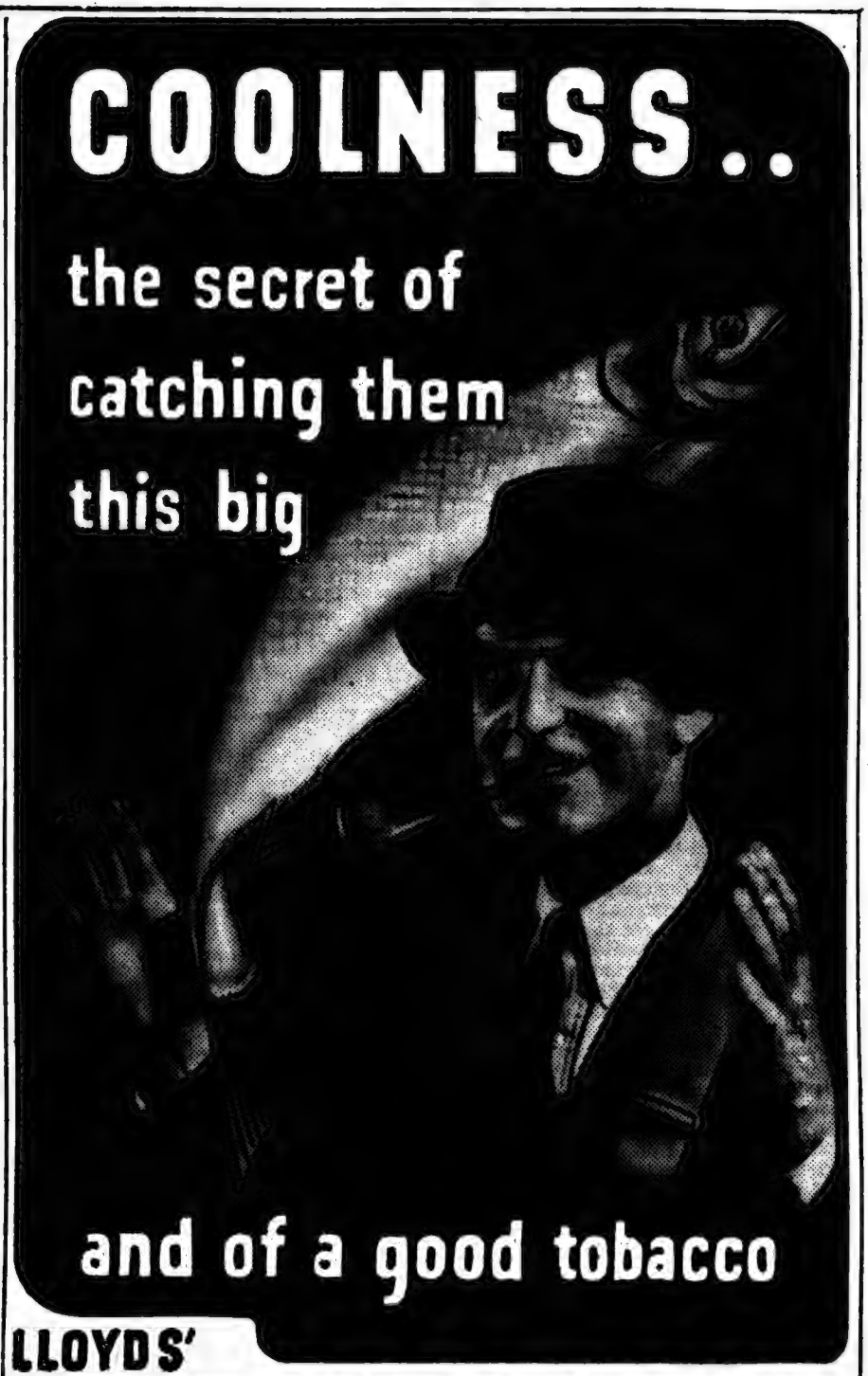
To-day start your dog on Bob Martin's. Watch him gain an entirely new level of fitness, and his coat take on that lovely bloom which comes only to a dog in condition. Soon your dog will become a merrier, happier companion than ever you thought possible.

● In 6d. packets of 9, or 1/- boxes of 21 powders, from all chemists etc.

Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit
BOB MARTIN LIMITED SOUTHPORT LANCS

COOLNESS..

the secret of catching them this big



and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S'
BONDMAN
is always COOL and FRESH

● BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D. per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D. per oz.

IT'S PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

13 Big Cheques Won in Crossword No. 29.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 29, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious sets of Answers on one Square were the following competitors who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen on page 40.

Mrs. E. P. Anthony, 12, Peverell Road, Penzance.
V. Penn, 42, Llanover Road, Plumstead, S.E.
H. Goodison, 107, Oak Road, Wath-on-Dearne, Yorks.
R. Lyle, 4, Fortview Terrace, Shore Road, Belfast.
C. Sharrock, 19, Mere Lane, Liverpool.
B. Simpson, 161, Lr. Addiscombe Road, Croydon.
J. Smith, 40, Sharp Street, Warrington. (Two shares.)
C. Sutton, Micheldean, Fronks Road, Dovercourt.
P. Thomson, 58, Boswall Terrace, Edinburgh.
Miss M. Toliday, 1, Massey Street, Hull.
H. J. White, 51, Wheatsheaf Close, Woking.
Mrs. A. Whitworth, "Caledon," Victoria Avenue, Rayleigh, Essex.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the £750 First Prize and a cheque for £57 13s. 11d. will be sent for each winning Square.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, September 1, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 109 competitors from whom we have received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £1 7s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified. A Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to each Runner-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in same envelope.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 608 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

A FREE Transfer of a Pretty Tray Cloth

AN easy-to-work transfer of the delightful tray cloth illustrated in the Robin Starch advt. on p. 27 is offered free to every reader of this paper, in exchange for only one lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet of Robin Starch, or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Get this pretty transfer free and embroider a charming tray cloth, measuring 20 in. by 14 in. The work involved is very small in extent, and you'll feel proud of your handiwork. Be sure to use the coupon on p. 27 enclosing your Robin Starch lids, and post in sealed stamped envelope to Pattern Dept., Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull. *See p. 27.*

STOMACH TROUBLE & RHEUMATISM
"Could not sleep for pain"

Mrs. Roberts, 321, Whitegate, Chadderton, Nr. Oldham, Lancs., writes:—"I have had severe pains in the Stomach, Bladder Trouble & Rheumatism for years, and been under treatment, but could not sleep for pain. A year ago I determined to give Vitadatio a trial, and am pleased to say I have had great relief. I am 70 years old and my general health is now splendid, good appetite, and I am now able to sleep. I shall never be without a bottle, and will recommend same to friends."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE & TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Uric acid Complaints. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd., Chemists, Stores, 3/-, 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special £1/- Bottles for export only, from VITADATIO No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

IF YOU SUFFER—GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY

GET THIS STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

And Amaze Your Friends—Quick Easy Way

Men hate an ugly greasy nose and a shiny skin. Moisture and greasy secretions come from enlarged pores. These mix with your powder and form tiny hard particles which enter the pores, irritate and enlarge them still more — so the vicious circle goes on. Change to Poudre Tokalon *moisture* proof powder at once. Put this powder on your finger, then put your finger into water — take it out and lo! both the powder and your finger are still dry. Poudre Tokalon is blended with mousse of cream. It stays on in spite of rainy weather, bathing in the sea or perspiration while dancing in the hottest ball rooms. The marvellous new shades give the complexion a strikingly beautiful appearance, never before seen. Men are passionately fond of these new shades. They blend with the skin and no one can really tell whether you have used powder or not. Notwithstanding the fact that it costs much more to make these new shades, the price of Poudre Tokalon will for the present remain the same. 6d. and 1s. a box.

NEW EASY WAY to CLEAN FALSE TEETH

No Brushing

Just shake a little Steradent powder in a glass of water. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

Tested and Approved By over 8,000 Dentists

Steradent cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, sticky film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. Steradent is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. *"I think 'Steradent' is the best denture cleaner and stain remover I have ever tried,"* writes a dentist. *"The results obtained from using Steradent are astounding,"* writes another leading practitioner. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. Sold by all chemists.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 1½d. in stamps to: Steradent Ltd., (Dept. 83.V.), 10 Chitty Street, London, W.1.

IT'S FREE!

Currys' New Radio BROCHURE

Ask for it at any Currys' Branch or

SEND THIS COUPON NOW FOR FREE 1937 RADIO BROCHURE

To CURRYS, LTD., Great West Road, Brentford Middlesex.

NAME.....

Post in ½d. stamped open envelope.

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....J.B., 22/8

WIFE who won't Divorce

The happiness of three people are at stake in the problem of a girl who is associating with a married man

HUMAN DOCUMENTS by PHILIP INMAN

"LOVE is a fiend, a fire, a heaven, a hell; where pleasure, pain and sad repentance dwell," wrote Richard Barnfield, the poet.

At least one of my correspondents has found that to be true. "I wish I did not love this man so dearly," she says, "for then it would be easier to do the right thing." What is there behind this pious hope? Well, her letter will explain:

I have been living with a married man for the last five years; he is thirty-five years old and I am twenty-nine. He has always been wonderfully good to me, but because of my association with him I have been cut off entirely from all my family. I should add that my parents are very decent people. He has been separated from his wife for seven years, but has to send her a pound a week, which is a big drain on his income. His wife, although she knows he does not love her, will not free him to enable us to marry and thus fulfil our greatest desire.

Do you think I am foolish in staying on with him and in that way spoiling my future chances of ever becoming married? I am worried constantly as to what is the best for us both. Perhaps you would be kind enough to advise us.

I am told that this man's wife is determined never to divorce her husband. In that event there are only two courses open to my correspondent. She must either continue her present mode of life or else break off the association altogether.

She has discovered that a relationship of this kind has its drawbacks. It has led to her separating from her family. It has also caused her much unhappiness. "I am worried constantly," she tells me.

And what about the future? So long as she remains with this man she has not much chance of finding married happiness elsewhere. And the years are passing.

I feel that these two should break away from one another for at least a year. In that time many things may happen. This girl could become reconciled to her family. She may meet and learn to care for someone else. Or this man may prevail upon his wife to divorce him and then he would be free to offer marriage honourably to my correspondent. This is the best advice I can give her in her difficulty.

My next problem is on rather unusual lines. The man concerned is in love with his wife, but he wonders whether he ought to leave the field clear for somebody else. This is what he tells me:—

I have given up my position and career to rejoin my wife, who left me four years ago to throw in her lot with her own children by her first husband. They are now all practically grown up and doing well for themselves. A little while ago my wife told me that she was suffering from a complaint which gave her, at most, about five years to live. This I have had confirmed from her doctor and I took the stand that my place was with her to the end.

Now I don't suppose I am the only man who has sacrificed everything for the one woman in the world he loves. But the fly in the ointment is my cursed jealousy. I have a suspicion that during my absence she has found someone else whom she is more fond of than me. In these circumstances, ought I to stand by my sacrifice and stay with her, or ought I to "get out" and leave her to enjoy the twilight of her remaining years with this other fellow.

THERE is surely only one thing for this man to do. He must find out for certain whether those suspicions are well-founded or simply occasioned by his jealousy. He should ask his wife, once and for all, whether she still loves him and him alone. If she assures him that she does, then her word should be accepted. And with his mind relieved he will, I am sure, do everything to make her remaining years on earth both peaceful and happy.

If there should be any other man, then this wife should tell her husband so. This for her own sake, as well as for his. She should also say whether she desires him to stay with her or would prefer him to go away.

The position in that event would be an awkward one for my correspondent. But from what he tells me I know that his wife's happiness is his first consideration. And by doing what she herself wishes he will find a great measure of consolation. I believe, however, he will find there is no ground for his doubts.

MANY of life's problems are of our own making. But here is a girl faced with a great difficulty through no fault of her own. She is torn between love and a deathbed promise. She writes:

I am twenty-seven and for the last two years have been keeping house for my brother-in-law and his family of four young children. I nursed my sister through a very serious illness and when the end was near she begged me to go on caring for her family and asked me to promise that if her husband should ever want me to marry him, I would. Not thinking that he ever would ask me, and to ease her last moments on earth, I promised.

Since then a boy friend abroad with whom I had been corresponding has obtained a good situation and has asked me to become his wife and to return with him at the end of his three months' leave. We are the same age and love each other very much, and I know we should be happy together.

The trouble is that a few weeks ago my brother-in-law asked me to marry him. I do not love him the least bit, and told him that I couldn't accept him, whereupon he turned quite nasty and said, "Do you realise what you are saying? Do you mean that apart from letting the children and myself down, you will break your promise to your sister?" This has worried me a great deal. If I keep my promise and marry him, I shall be unhappy for the rest of my life. On the other hand, if I break my promise I shall feel that I have committed an unforgivable sin. My mother has offered to give up her home and carry on where I leave off or to help them daily, but he won't hear of it and continually reminds me about the deathbed promise. I beg of you to help me out of this difficulty.

I AM going to put a question to my correspondent. If her sister were still alive and asked her to marry a man she did not love, would she agree? Of course not. Then why should she do so now. She gave her word to that sister because "it eased her last moments on earth." If a promise given under those conditions means hardship and misery, then I say it should never be kept. And I am sure that the one who extracted it would agree.

That sister, on her deathbed, was naturally concerned about her little family. But that did not give her the right to mortgage the whole of my correspondent's life to them. She chose her own way when she married; this girl must have the same freedom of action. It would be different if she loved her brother-in-law, but she cares for somebody else, and is entitled to her own happiness.

Her brother-in-law should be grateful that she came to the rescue in his hour of need. He certainly does not show a kind and considerate nature to try and force her into a marriage which she does not want. And if he is wise he will be sensible about it all, and release her from her promise.

I am sure that that sister in the higher life would not hold my correspondent to it. For "to know all is to understand all."

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

FATHER'S FRIEND

THERE are so many worrying details about leaving one's home before going on holiday that JOHN BULL has stepped in and taken the bulk of the burden from father's shoulders.

Under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift JOHN BULL not only provides generous benefit for loss by burglary but is the only paper in the world to safeguard its readers' household effects against damage by fire, storm, flood and tempest.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL's insurance while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man if they can show that before leaving for their holidays they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return and that they bought JOHN BULL while they were away. If you have not yet registered, fill up the forms on page 42 to-day.

RED TILED FLOORS

RED COMPOSITION FLOORS

Restore the colour of your Red Tiles and Red Composition Floors

To restore the colour of your Red Tiles and Red Composition Floors use "Cardinal." You will be delighted with the rich red tone it imparts.
Cardinal Polish will not rub off. It requires no time for drying—a floor can be crossed immediately after polishing. Use it also for your Front Steps, Cement Paths, etc., and see how the rich red finish brightens their appearance.

Cardinal POLISH
Large Tins 6d. & 1/-
From Dealers Everywhere.
Also in Buff, Green and White.
C.P.47.5
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MANSION POLISH

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

"The John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

I get a grand smoke for

Eightpence

"When I buy 'Digger,' I get a tobacco that gives me everything I want in a pipe . . . coolness, rich flavour and lasting satisfaction. If you're looking for value, this fine Empire Tobacco made by Player's is certainly an 'eye-opener'."

PLAYER'S DIGGER MIXTURE 8D PER OZ.

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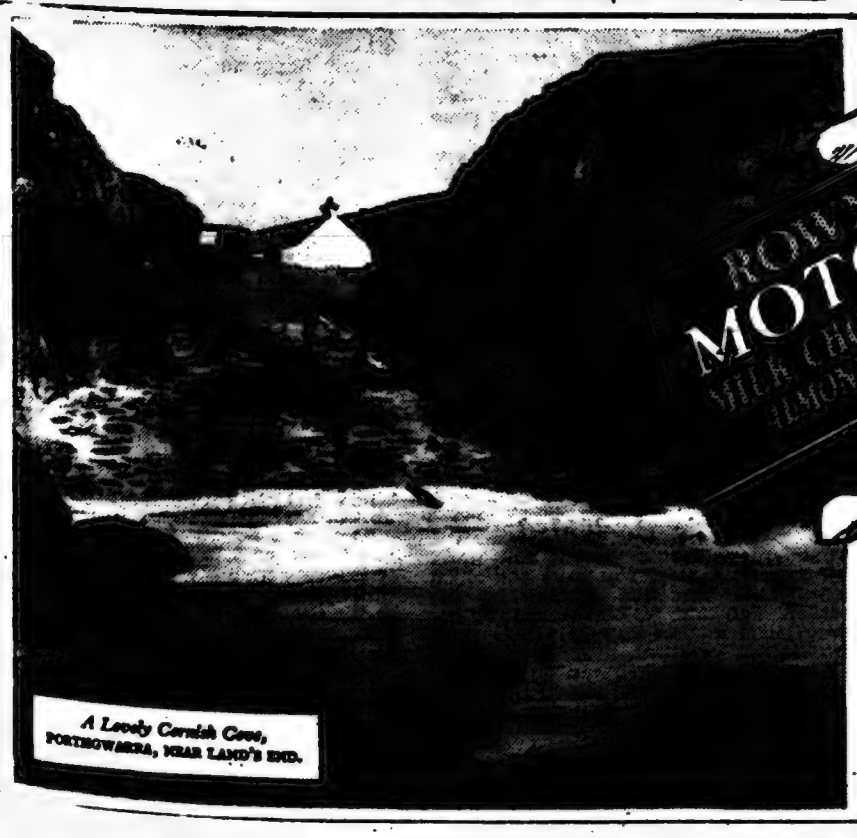
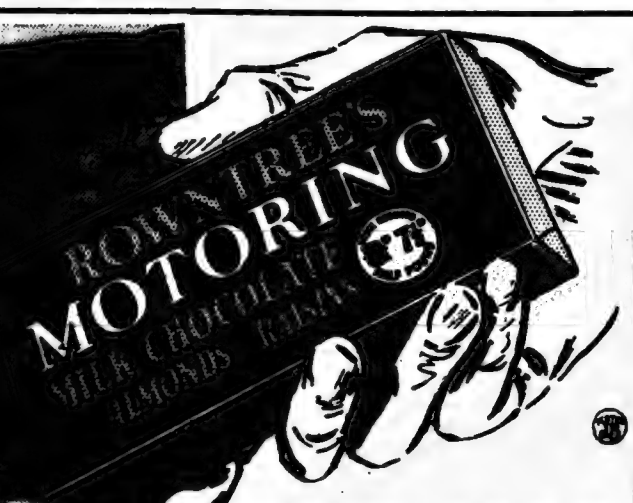

A Lovely Cornish Cove, PORTHGWARRA, NEAR LAND'S END.



WHETHER you're off for the hills, the downs, or the sea, here's good company! There's nothing like this chocolate for out-of-doors. Keeps spirits *up* and thirst *down*, and it's packed with stamina. A ½-lb. block of Motoring gives you enough muscle energy to walk 10 miles. That's a fact worth knowing! Put a man's-size block in your pocket this week-end and see the miles slip by!

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BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Roadster Hubs quick release Wing Nuts. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Leatherwaxed seat. Handlebars. Dunlop Endrick Rims. Racing Pedals. Chiltern Roadster Brake. Brooks Sprung Seat Saddle. 'Hold-all' Rad. Reflector and Accessories. Ladies' or Men's same price £5.19.6 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Men's, Juvenile Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

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Elasto *Regd.*

for all

CIRCULATORY DISORDERS

KIDNEY TROUBLE

YOU CANNOT BE WELL IF YOUR KIDNEYS ARE AILING

If you have Kidney Trouble, however slight, Nature gives you drastic warning before very long. Usually this warning takes the form of a dull, nagging ache in the back, and if not heeded will soon make your life a misery. You will be unable to do your work, and sleepless nights will still further weaken you. Rheumatism, swollen, hot and inflamed joints bring home to you even more forcibly that your kidneys are crying out for relief.

Your kidneys, weakened by a chill or shock, or overworked through faulty dieting, are not doing their job of cleansing and filtering the blood. Not only are they choked and clogged with waste matter, but they are not cleansing the blood of uric acid, bacteria and other impurities, and so your whole system is being slowly poisoned.

Suspect Kidney Trouble if you have
RHEUMATISM BACKACHE
BLADDER TROUBLE SCIATICA
JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO
DISTURBED NIGHTS
or any Urinary Irregularities

Start taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills which act directly on the kidneys. They begin their healing work by reducing the inflammation in the kidneys, and toning them up so that they work perfectly once more. That backache stops, the awful pains die down, and as De Witts Pills gently cleanse and strengthen your kidneys you will become healthy and pain-free again. The relief brought by De Witts Pills is permanent because they remove the cause of your trouble. Be sure you get the genuine

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BRAND
KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS
Prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

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INDIGESTION
knows this to be true

He Wants Three Things and Wants Them Quickly.

1st Immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

2nd His inflamed or weakened stomach protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out.

3rd Help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All of these requirements are fully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

1st On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd A valuable ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

By persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food without help.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER
Sold by all chemists at **1/6**

A DEBATE BY LETTER PARLIAMENT READERS

Should WOMEN *be Soldiers?*

'YES'

THE actual recruiting of women would be the first step towards lasting peace, so recruit 'em.

Although man may kill man and view the effect with some fortitude the vision of torn, shot bodies strewn about before his eyes would soon stop him talking about the adventure and glory of war.

He would not only shrink from killing women—he would rebel against it. And as you can't choose your victims with gas or long-range guns, future war would become impossible.—*Mrs. E. S., Plymouth.*

"We Were Soldiers"

During the last war, I am proud to say, I did what I could. When the old Royal Flying Corps wanted women helpers I joined Queen Mary's W.A.A.C.s. Then I transferred to the W.R.A.F.

The life was healthy, the pay good and the officers simply wonderful. And what is more, we were doing our duty to our King and country.

Some may sneer, but I consider we women were soldiers, and I would expect my daughters to be soldiers if the need arose again.—*E. S., Parkside, Didcot.*

Women First!

As a woman—over 80 at that—I think we can better spare women than men. I would have them go first.

But I am afraid that the male sex put rather a higher opinion on them than I. Any Government that accepted wives, mothers, sweethearts and daughters for the firing-line would find itself whistling in vain for men—in this country, at least. —*Miss M. H. C., Brighton.*

Let None Escape

By indifference at election times, women are helping to bring war nearer and more certain. Until they have known its awful vileness they will continue to do so.

In my opinion, nobody who can use a vote for or against war—or even by withholding a vote can help to bring about war—should be able to escape its horrors.—*H. H., Chorlton.*

Better Than Waiting

Most emphatically women should not be expected to be separated from their menfolk by war. I, for one, would be among the first to stand by my man, whom I have promised to love and cherish until death us do part.

Cruel to send a woman into the trenches? Kinder, by far, than to have her sitting at home in terror, expecting that every step on the threshold throughout long years might be bringing that dread telegram—about *him.*—*Mrs. A. S., Edmonton.*

Hypocrisy

Why not? After all, the only arguments against are that we are intended to create and not kill, and to look after our menfolk.

But millions of us can't get menfolk—sigh in vain for babies. It is therefore mealy-mouthed hypocrisy to tell us to stay at home to do the washing and cooking.

Stay at home while millions more men perish—and millions more women are cheated out of their birthright in consequence? Hasn't that been the supreme tragedy of womanhood of to-day?—*S. S., Middlesex.*

White Feather

Discharged with wounds early in the last war, I was presented in Piccadilly soon afterwards with a white feather.

Maybe the yapping, irresponsible women of whom this blonde flapper was typical should have been allowed to taste the medicine they so lightly prescribed. Anyhow, we could give them the chance of doing so next time.—*W. G., Euston.*

Before Youths

I say let women go to war, although I am not one of those fool-women who believe that we are a race of Amazons because one woman shot successfuly at Bisley, or a few make records at sports.

Let them fight, I argue, before 18-year-old boys, such as we once snatched from school to go into the shambles, or the fathers of families I saw marching away with aching feet and shoulders too old for the heavy packs.

Strong men first; strong women second; the too old and too young last. That's how it should be.—*M. D., Melton.*

Job Thieves

As a man who served as a Regular soldier, and who would be called on at once as a reservist, I would like to see women being issued with their rifles.

After all, I have been out of work for years because women are doing the jobs I could do at less than men's rates. A grateful country has nothing for me; jobs for women prepared to undercut me; the joys of flying yachting and exploring for moneyed women.

Why shouldn't those women fight as well as me?—*R. B. M., Dunfermline.*

'NO'

ALTHOUGH I take second place to no man as a patriot, I would rather witness the fall of our Empire than think that my mother had butchered in cold blood, than to see my sweetheart among the maniac-women of Spain, who took care not to avoid the camera when issued with arms.

Where fighting is necessary, it is a man's job. For a woman, it is the supreme measure of degradation.—*A. W., Glasgow.*

Givers of Life

As a complete believer in sex equality, I know that in two respects equality can never be brought about.

Nature makes woman the giver of life. Human folly demands that man shall be the taker of life. The giver of life will desecrate the most sacred mission of mankind if ever she becomes the destroyer.

I wouldn't have the natural softness and gentleness of women calloused and bruised by military training—let alone by the carnage modern warfare has become. —*Ex-Soldier, N.W.1.*

Could Not Stop

Don't let the women start fighting. Eve is slow to begin slaughtering, but loth to stop, as history plainly shows.

If militarists, whatever their flag, would only study their history books and realise how difficult it is to check the killing instincts of a woman when once aroused, which is not easily brought about, they would hesitate before loosing the female vengeance on a world that really does depend on women's finer qualities.—*"Dryad," Lancs.*

Kill or Be Killed

I am an ex-rifleman. I know that when you bayonet a man, you have got to be prepared to hear him sobbing for his mother. You can't let him escape you because he is a mere slip of a lad. You must kill or be killed.

When our womenfolk can do all that, there won't be anything left in the world that a man will want to fight for.—*Ex-60th Rifles, Rochdale.*

Not Here, Thanks

No nation could support in the field an army exceeding in numbers more than a quarter of its population. No army could use more than half its number in actual fighting.

What use is there, then, in having women soldiers?

Spain may have a few—fewer, perhaps, than Britain has—of women who delight in scratching and clawing each other's hair in the street. Russia, Italy and other Dictator-ridden countries have a few units of them to impress the world of their determination. We certainly don't want them.—*D. C., Bayswater.*

No Hope

I say "No" as a doctor even after leaving out the physical handicaps of women.

More important is the fact that women sink, rarely to rise. They rarely have a "come-back." There would be no hope of a woman getting her finer feelings back—as millions of men speedily did in the Great War, after years of coarsening, brutalising experience in blood and filth, without the decencies that make us different from the animals.

Half our population—the more important half from the point of view of posterity—would become permanent savages. —*Physician, W.1.*

Their Thoughts

I dare say advocates of women soldiers will be telling you about the athletic prowess of modern women. Let them.

As a woman, I say they lack the robust humour which, at the moment of going "over the top," enables men to jest in the face of death and so keep their sanity. Their feminine intuition and imagination would play havoc with their nerves.

And what woman worthy of the name could take part in the bombing, shelling or machine-gunning of a village and not think pitifully of the children—and sicken at the thought?—*Miss E. O. A., Caithness.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 by first post Tuesday, September 1.

The Only Thing I'd Fight For

Race with "Silver Ring"

Leger Long-shots

BAHRAM, Windsor Lad and Hyperion, all favourites, won the last three St. Legers, but there have been four big surprises in the past twenty years.

Caligula (100 to 6); Polemarch (50 to 1); Royal Lancer (33 to 1); and Firdaussi (20 to 1) did not benefit backers. It is probably these long-shots that has prompted enquiries for something to beat the favourite in the coming contest.

There have been adverse rumours about Rhodes Scholar, but, providing he goes to post, I doubt that anything will defeat him.

The best outsiders—win and place bets—may be His Grace and Fearless Fox. Apart from Mahmoud, who, at the moment of writing, has "sprung a leak," they have had the best preparations for this long-distance race.

I suggest that Bonspiel be noted for Gatwick's St. Leger "rehearsal" this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 27, to Wednesday, September 3.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be Example:

K96VOW9496A would read STRAPETO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. WVA2G would read PROOF.

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE

THE MOST SENSATIONAL P.C. ANNOUNCEMENT EVER MADE

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

The International Course has received more proof of its undoubted success than any other Course. In fact, all the leading journals have acclaimed this Course to be the MOST SUCCESSFUL OF ALL TIME, and the countless Press reports have been published, but I think I am safe in saying that never since Physical Culture has been in existence has anything like the following been published. This is a copy of the opinion of the Editor of "Health & Strength," from page 105 of July 18 issue. "Health & Strength" is the National organ of Physical Culture, and what "Health & Strength" says in Physical Culture is true.

WHAT "HEALTH AND STRENGTH" SAYS—

From time to time throughout the ages great works of human endeavour and achievements have appeared, and stand now as monuments to the deathless energy of man—wonders of the world!

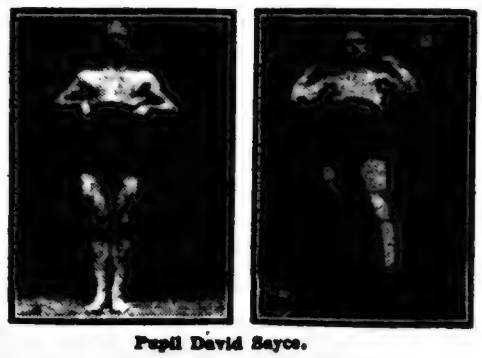
To the individual, health is the most wonderful and priceless asset of human existence, without which life is hardly worth living, and, therefore, just as every great movement has its effect on future generations, so will the benefits of the International Course be felt in years to come.

Approximately 33,000 pupils have testified to the remarkable powers of this renowned Course, and 33,000 is a number too large to brook dispute.

The world judges by results, and none will deny that a work of this nature may justly be described as the Eighth Wonder of the World, since the monument it leaves to posterity is not one of stone, but of sound and vibrant health.

Pupil David Sayce.

The back pose of my pupil, D. Sayce, which has been shown as the most remarkable P.C. photo ever published, is well known to "H. & S." readers. Someone has said, "What about his legs?" The two photos here answer that question. They are taken by a small box camera and under the worst conditions, but are sufficient to show the marvellous power of his limbs. Yes, too, can be like Pupil Sayce!



Pupil David Sayce.

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The SECRET of Eternal YOUTH

The World's Most Secret Methods for Every Pupil, on completion of the Broom International, Super-cult, or Massage Courses

COMMENCES FROM THE DATE OF THIS ISSUE

THE majority of readers have, from time to time, heard of the remarkable feats and mystic powers possessed by certain men of the East, known as Yogis. The endurance and physical strength possessed by them, even when well past middle-age, have astounded the world. The Westerner was inclined to disbelieve these claims until recent evidence convinced him that they were true.

I have for several years been in constant touch with several Indian rajahs, and I have obtained permission to offer to every Broom pupil the full secret Yogi Science, apart from the mystic side. . . . This science not only invigorates the vital organs and glands, but Yogi IS correct breathing and is a special system of exercises which banishes pain, disease and worry and retards old age. It gives mastery and control over the whole system and enables younger men to reach the peak of their physical and mental power. . . .

The Yogi Course consists of the true art of living . . . the value of all foods and diets. Habits and their control. Eating and drinking. Sleep, smoking, constitution, heredity, cleanliness of body and mind, baths, dress, nervous system, circulatory system, respiratory system, digestive system, excretory system, muscular system. The secret of breathing for health and strength . . . the complete Yogi exercises for the development of the physical forces and mental control. . . .

What the effects of this method, combined with the International Course can be, it is impossible to tell, but it will certainly provide results far in excess of anything before hoped for.

It is the greatest offer ever made to the P.C. world.

The Course cannot be sold, as I have given an undertaking that I will not sell it for any amount. But you can have it FREE of CHARGE by enrolling for one of the three famous BROOM COURSES.

A DOCTOR'S APPROVAL!

". . . he informed me that he has had personal experience in the efficacy of your exercises, and said that it will be quite in order.

He does NOT, as a rule, recommend P.C. Courses through the post, but he knows yours well, and does really have great faith in it.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) DAN T. WILLIAMS."

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of six monthly lessons. Now apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bell, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser . . . All Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit. . . .

The Course really does give bulk in development . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to Chest, 3 inches to Biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test. It's the Greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting. . . .

This course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money-Back Guarantee. . . . The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course. SENSATIONAL PHOTOS FREE. Write for "The International Way." FREE.

SPECIAL OFFER, 30/- or 1/- WEEKLY

85% of all pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

All the leading journals have acclaimed this Course as THE GREATEST EVER for results, and this has been only after thorough investigation.

THE EDITOR OF "HEALTH & STRENGTH" SAYS: "Such proof of a Physical Culture Course has never before been seen at these Offices, and we take the opportunity of publicly stating this fact. Some of the letters are really amazing—one pupil reports a gain of 40 in., etc. Congratulations, Mr. Broom."

EDITOR OF "HEALTH & EFFICIENCY" says: "That is surely the greatest work of to-day—the regeneration of youth—and Mr. Broom is to be congratulated on the amazing results he has secured for physical culture in general and his International Course in particular."

EDITOR OF "SUPERMAN" says: "Every day large numbers of testimonials are being received at Broom Hall. Mr. Broom is at a loss to know how to inform readers of the wonderful results he is achieving."

EDITOR OF "BOXING" says: "That Mr. Broom's claims are by no means exaggerated is proved to the hilt by the fact that he has over 33,000 testimonials, every one of which is vouched for by a Chartered Accountant's certificate. There can be no better guarantee of the genuineness of the Course than this."

GET A FREE COPY OF THIS BOOK

It is safe to say that no book issued in connection with Physical Culture has been so much talked about as "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." The first Edition is finished, and I am now able to offer the Second Edition.

This Book should be in the hands of every reader of this journal, whether desirous of taking the "International" Course or not. It is sent FREE for the asking.

The "International" Course is undoubtedly the Greatest Course of all time. This is not only my own view, but the opinion of the Editors of all the Leading Journals, many thousands of Pupils, 700 Doctors and 27 Police Forces.

You have had promises of Animal Strength in a few short days, but the International Course cannot make you like this—what it can do, and what it REALLY DOES, is to give you a far greater degree of Strength, Muscular Development, with Increasing Speed and Suppleness much better and surer than any other method. This is not a promise, it is definitely proved to be so by the collection of the many thousands of letters from pupils who have received these results. The Editor of "Health & Strength" acclaimed this Course to be the Most Successful of All Time, and this opinion alone should be sufficient for you to want to investigate further.

GET YOUR FREE BOOK TO-DAY!

To H. BROOM, BROOM HALL, HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL

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Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

FREE SEVEN DAY TUBE
OF CORO-SHAVE
—THE BETTER BRUSHLESS SHAVE

Would you like a seven-day trial tube of Coro-Shave, the new and better brushless shave? No pain, no "pull." Skin as soft as velvet. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 230), 39 King's Rd., London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

COS 4-99

No More Grey Hair

If you are grey, you look much older than you should. Restore the natural youthful colour by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN
BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

IF you are troubled by any matter—except of course of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

NONAGENARIAN (Totnes).—"I attribute my great age solely to our climate." Well, it's enough to put years on anyone.

D. B. (Taplow).—"Most picnickers leave litter." But there are a tidy few who don't.

HIKER (Worcester).—"Which do you think is the longest road in Great Britain?" The one home.

MRS. P. (Hastings).—"The doctor said my husband needed a rest." He looked at your tongue, we suppose.

C. L. (Southampton).—"Practically every coat I have wears out at the elbows first." They don't last.

E. A. (Wigan).—"Can you let me know of a job I can really get down to?" Coal mining.

EVA (London, N.).—"I waited two hours for him in the drawing-room, but he didn't appear." Quite uncalled for.

G. H. (Rugby).—"Though she's thin my wife shows great determination." The will of the wisp.

NATURALIST (Hastings).—"Crabs multiply rapidly." Lots of nippers.

MISS PAM (Fleetwood).—"How do you like coconut grated over an ice?" Fine!

G. L. (Margate).—"My slow deliveries puzzle most people." Ah! an errand-boy.

MRS. B. (Tooting).—"Every time my husband gets violent and throws lumps of coal and pieces of wood at me I make a note of it." You keep a log.

SCHOOLBOY (Crawley).—"Some time ago I was thrashed for an act I had never committed, but the resentment has now worn off." But you felt it at the time.

M. F. (Whitstable).—"I enjoy my holiday when I've paid all my bills before coming away." It gives you a settled feeling, of course.

UNCLE (Perranporth).—"The kiddies prepared a trap for me by digging a deep pit in the sand just outside my hut." And of course you fell into it.

J. J. (Norwich).—"As the world is to-day, a chap who is going to marry is naturally anxious about the outcome." And more anxious about the income.

MISS KATE (Windermere).—"I wonder if anglers ever stop to consider how cruel fishing is?" Yes, when they haven't had a bite all day.

S. T. (Suffolk).—"I started keeping bees last year and hoped to get a good supply of honey, but when I looked in the hive there was none there." What a cell!

G. P. (Dorchester).—"I have been offered a saxophone or a cow as a present. Which should I choose?" Take the cow, because in addition to making the same noise, the cow does give milk.

F. M. L. (Kettering).—"There is one time in the year when I'm glad I weigh sixteen stone." We know. You can get the lid of the holiday trunk to close without effort.

GEO. T. (Leeds).—"During a Test match the newspapers constantly praise the players, the umpires, the stewards, and the police, but where do the spectators come in?" Through the turnstiles.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE STAR:—"The HAILSTORMS lay on the ground like snow."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"FRIGHT-Lieutenant —— made a perfect landing."

OLDHAM CHRONICLE:—"The walls of the KNAVE have been tastefully coloured buff . . . ."

DAILY MIRROR:—". . . who had caught glimpses of the gold plate and scarlet-LIVERED servants inside."

DAILY SKETCH:—"Open-Air Theatre—Daily 2.30, 8.30, 'MUDSUMMER Night's Dream.'"

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—". . . and getting him out of the crowd's reach with a MINIMUM of speed and security."

BATLEY NEWS:—"Passengers will be taken up for sums ranging from 5s. to £1, according to the length of the FRIGHT."

THE NEWCASTLE JOURNAL:—". . . a combined fleet of British, German, Austrian and Russian WORSHIPS effectually blockaded Greece. . . ."

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

Aviator (Southampton).—"I once used a parachute as a tent." And many experienced campers have used tents as parachutes

"It's only for a minute while he has a smoke"—*From "The Passing Show"*

H. T. (Bolton).—"The men in our room have been expressly forbidden to sit down whilst at work." Standing orders.

E. E. (Hackney).—"Years ago her young voice was like that of a nightingale's." And to-day like a gale in the night.

BUILDER (Mansfield).—"My wife can be very hard at times." She comes down on you like a ton of bricks?

T. W. (Dartford).—"I repaired the ladder and inserted several new rungs." Steps to ensure safety, no doubt.

V. L. (Goole).—"I find that a hearty, full-blooded laugh will cure any complaint." Then you can never have suffered from cracked lips?

SHELL (Windsor).—"It made my mouth water when I saw the books I was to get as prizes." And probably the eyes of the others water.

B. K. (Tamworth).—"A colonel in our railway carriage was so annoyed that he pulled the communication-cord." And turned out the guard?

P. T. (Kincaid).—"Although I am an author, I have taken up gardening as a hobby, and think up most of my ideas on the allotments." There are some good plots there.

T. W. (Edinburgh).—"A recent survey shows that the average radio set is used 4.04 hours daily." In that case, it would seem that the average neighbour has 5.941 radio sets.

B. V. (Dorking).—"Why did the woman generations back wear about six petticoats?" Anyone who owns a horsehair chair will permit you to learn the answer by experience.

CAMERAMAN (Fleet Street).—"When a colleague told me that I couldn't photograph my knuckles, I laughed in his face and did the job there and then." You snapped your fingers, eh?

S. K. (Coventry).—"What should one keep eggs in so as to preserve them during the winter?" Shells.

D. A. (Yeovil).—"After all, what can a man do with £4 a week even if he is a bachelor?" Spend it.

C. B. (Dewsbury).—"My partners won't tell me what has happened to our sinking fund." Perhaps it sank.

VOLUNTEER (Great Yarmouth).—"I got tired out doing semaphore signalling in camp." Your energy was flagging.

ANGUS (Glasgow).—"Every word I said to him had a double meaning." Were you sending him a telegram?

LOVER (Nottingham).—"The principal thing in courtship seems to be popping the question." And questioning the pop.

FARMER (Dorset).—"I sent my wool samples to the sales, but by sheer carelessness they were not included." So you lost your wool.

A. G. H. (York).—"As regards his wife's baking, the young husband must be the essence of tact." He should always break it gently.

N. B. (Epping).—"There is nothing like the English countryside on a cloudless summer's day." What an amazing memory you must have.

B. K. (Goole).—"As a cricket reformer, I maintain that the dangerous, hard leather ball should be dropped." It often is.

ARTIST (Ilfracombe).—"I have just finished watercolour of an old farmhouse and think I shall call it 'Home.'" No place like it?

GEO. R. (Dulwich).—"My holidays were completely ruined with the rain. Were yours?" Yes, by thunder!

C. V. (Gainsborough).—"If you ask my opinion, the man is a little wasp." Sounds as if you've been stung.

L. T. (Birmingham).—"A good engraver can always make plenty of money." And gets seven years if he is found out.

ELECTRICIAN (Wigan).—"I think nothing of completing the installation of an eight-roomed house in a day." You make light of it.

F. L. (Houghton).—"It's ridiculous to say there's no smoke without fire." We've tried to make a bonfire after a shower of rain, too.

SCIENTIST (Stockwell).—"The idea of eternity is too vast for the human mind to understand." Not when you're waiting to use a telephone-box.

PATER (Weston).—"My little boy is a marvellous diver, and to see him go off the high springboard is a joy." Evidently a lusty offspring.

P. G. (Eltham).—"We are taking our holidays late this year, and after much deliberation have finally decided upon Land's End." As a last resort?

H. U. (Ipswich).—"He always seemed to me to be the sort of man who would command his wife's respect, but I was mistaken." Another case of respecting his wife's commands?

R P. L. (Chelsea).—"Hundreds of listeners do not realise what a really modern radio can do." There'll be 50 fewer when this week's *Bullets* Radios are sent off—a coupon from page 43 may bring one to your door!

CLUBMAN (London, W.1).—"I'm afraid one of our members is a blackguard and a cheat at the card-table." Just a rough diamond who calls a spade a spade and has no heart in the club?

HOOK (Worcester).—"I spent the whole afternoon writing letters asking for particulars of the fishing to be obtained at various places." Dropping a few lines in advance, eh?

MANAGER (Dewsbury).—"I believe that every boy who passes through a school leaves his mark somewhere or other." Which probably explains the large amounts spent upon school furniture.

D. L. (Deal).—"One should get a thrill out of the fact that our little country is washed on all sides by mighty oceans." It is different, of course, when one finds one's deck-chair completely sea-girt.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over)

Yes!—that IS something to smile about! That nagging Headache will cease to thump — that piercing Neuralgia will cease to stab—that torturing twinge of Rheumatism and back-breaking agony of Lumbago will fly away for 2d.! Such is the "magic" of Beechams Powders!

Cartons of 8 Powders, 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

How to Fix False Teeth

Loose and slipping plates can be made to hold with complete firmness and comfort —all day long— by lightly sprinkling the plates with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It renders the suction perfect so that teeth will not slip or click when you are talking and eating. An unfailing safeguard against embarrassment. Forms a comfort-cushion which relieves pressure and prevents sore gums. Makes teeth feel natural so that you can talk naturally and chew perfectly. A scientific triumph. Try it to-day. Of chemists everywhere.

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness: have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that failing to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 632. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).

Special Book on Heart Troubles (J.B.320) Post Free on request.

Here are further well-known SHADFORTH Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144).

"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/6 (25), 2/3 (50), 6/- (100).

REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1105). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

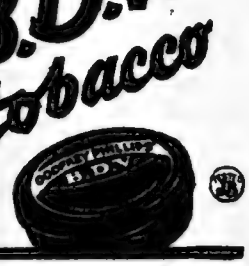
SHADFORTH
PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.
Dispensing Chemists
(Dept. J.B.55), 42, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Puffin & Muffin - the B.D. Veterans

They argue about everything—

except B.D.V. tobacco

Agreed—that a man still has one luxury in life which a woman will never be able to enjoy. That's the bliss of lounging in a chair and saying nothing. Perhaps it's because women haven't got B.D.V. to keep them quiet and contented. Poor creatures—, fancy having to spend a whole lifetime without ever enjoying a silent pipeful of B.D.V.!



B.D.V. BROWN LABEL 10D. AN OZ.
B.D.V. Red Label Original 11½d. an oz.
in the new airtight tins

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

Skin Soft as Velvet

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema, and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world . . ."
(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
50, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

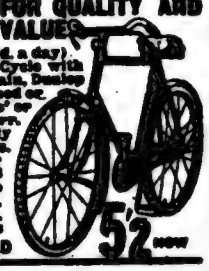
Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.2.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



£2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or £2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: £2 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, 'Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

£5.2.0 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

"I was quite bald and obliged to wear a silk cap."

Her Hair Grew by using KOTALKO

NEWQUAY.

Twelve months ago I lost all my hair and was quite bald and was obliged to wear a silk cap. Seeing Kotalko advertised I decided to try it, which I am most thankful I did, for I am now able to show you by my photograph all that Kotalko has done for me, the thickness is most surprising.

For miles around, people are surprised to see the growth of hair.—(Miss) W. H. MAY.

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO & KOTALKO SOAP. They re-grow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-cloggings, softening the hardened scalp and restoring its healthful colour, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (53 EO.), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

THIN?

WORN-OUT, AILING, NERVOUS

Accept This Startling No-Risk Offer—
Your Money back if "VIKELP" TABLETS do not . . .
1. Correct Malnutrition.
2. Add at least 5 lbs. of good, firm, flesh.
3. Strengthen nerves.
4. Banish systemic disorders such as constipation, rheumatism, gastritis, indigestion, insomnia.
5. Make you eat and sleep better.
6. Give you Radiant Health, New Strength, Tireless Energy.

Amazing Mineral Concentrate From the Pacific Ocean Builds Thin, Worn-out, Nervous People into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women Without the Use of Drugs.

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even "naturally skinny," weak, worn-out, haggard-looking men and women, whose energy and strength have been sapped by over-work and worry—who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. Nutrition experts say the principal cause of these run-down conditions is GLANDS STARVING FOR MINERALS & FOOD IODINE. When these glands do not work properly all the food in the world can't help you—it just isn't turned into flesh. And so you stay skinny, nervous, tired-out, and run-down.

The most important gland, the Thyroid—and other tiny hidden glands which actually control body-weight and strength—needs a definite ration of the 12 life-giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE all the time (do not confuse with chemical iodides which often prove toxic, nor iodine fumes). Only when the system gets an adequate supply of FOOD IODINE and MINERALS, can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new health, strength and energy.

To get these vital minerals (Iron, Magnesium, Phosphorus, Calcium, etc.) and Iodine in concentrated and assimilable food form take "VIKELP" Tablets, made of an amazing Pacific Ocean sea-plant now recognised as the world's richest source of these precious substances. They contain 1,200 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the richest source. Your body is not only rejuvenated, but malnutrition, faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, rheumatism, goitre, and other systemic ailments are corrected or disappear entirely.

Try "VIKELP" Tablets for 10 days and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds of "stay-there" flesh appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, eat and sleep—and if you don't gain extra pounds (5-9 pounds not uncommon) the trial is free. They cost but little to use. Your own doctor will approve this way. 40 tablets 1/3d., 100 2/6d., 225 5/9d., 675 17/6d. If your dealer cannot supply you send 3/6d. for 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. J.B./3/4 Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., 10, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

VIKELP HEALTH AND BODY BUILDING Tablets

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-

Don't overlook the "John Bull" Shop Window on pages 2 and 3 and The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 16.

COLOSSAL PENSION -plus- FORTUNE FIRST PRIZE

WIN £8 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £1,000 Cash

OR ONE MONSTER LUMP SUM OF £3,500

FINE SUM OF £250 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

USE THESE SQUARES

HERE IS WEALTH AND SECURITY FOR LIFE!

THINK of the endless satisfaction of knowing that every Saturday of your life will bring you an £8 cheque from JOHN BULL. Think of all the joys that would follow the arrival of £1,000 cash to provide for your immediate needs and sweep all worry away!

Yes, the common-sense Clues on this page are waiting for Answers from careful thinkers, and an hour with them this evening may bring you one of the finest Pension-plus-Fortune First Prizes which have ever been offered in any Competition, with £3,500 in one lump sum if you prefer a single award.

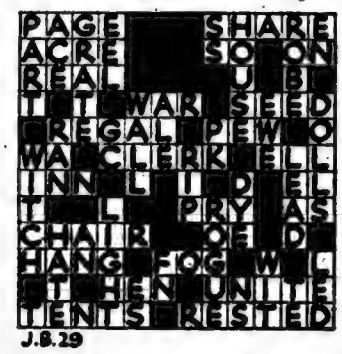
For Runners-up the prize-money available has been increased to the fine amount of £250 cash—*and to every cash prize of £3 and upwards in this Contest "John Bull" will add a fine £9 9s. "Ferranti" All-mains Radio.* Yet another attraction of this Record Pension, Cash and Radio Offer is that simply by entering four or more coupons for this Contest in the same envelope (*one of which is free if you follow the directions given*), any Cash-plus-Radio prize you win will be augmented by an additional Radio Surprise Award.

Here, then, is a Crossword Offer comprising the finest set of opportunities which an amusing problem has ever brought you. Weigh every word of the Clues given, fill up your Squares carefully and make sure that they reach JOHN BULL by Friday, September 11.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

For this Special Contest only you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Other coupons will appear in next week's JOHN BULL. For further squares send penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

X-WORD No. 29



J.B.29

WINNERS ON PAGE 33

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 29 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. He plies his cab for hire
6. Hiking is best way to appreciate its scenery
9. There's singing and acting together in this
10. Used to hew down trees
11. Wheel with no centre
13. How lords and cads end
15. Unpleasant sounds sometimes come from this
19. Travellers are often found in these
20. Irritates
22. Cheap Jack auctioneer is glad of that of confederate
23. Soaked
24. What horse does, between walk and gallop
26. Middle part of ballad
27. How rebellion starts
28. Kinema's should be convenient if profits are to be made
29. Driving force of big machine is usually this
31. Crossword compiler's pet snake
33. Extremities of dwarf
35. Keep without an interior
37. Donkey with no tail
39. How baby thanks you
40. Man knows more of this through modern discoveries
42. Win back
44. Tiny spot
45. Is more attractive when new

DOWN

1. Pictures are often held up by these in studios
2. Found in papers and scraps
3. A good one yields enough to please you
4. Begins brightly
5. These tell a tale
6. Army has no use for one with bad character
7. Axe end off axe
8. This is not old
12. Heeling of ship may be caused by this
14. Many retired people live by them
15. Shoe-black easily removes these from shoes
16. Enclosure where seaside band sits is usually this
17. Finish in Southend
18. Bad light makes things difficult for him
21. Shrill cry
24. Car of well-known make is easily this
25. Washing is easier if yours is a good one
30. May prove hard to control without experience
32. Provides ambitious hospital surgeon with experience he needs
34. Countenance
36. Professional, in short
38. Cunning and ends curiously
39. White metal that means cash
41. Apollo with no poll
43. End without end

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the thirty-second of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.;
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, Sept. 24, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as directed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE and become entitled to enter two additional Gift Squares provided. If making additional entries, one allowed free with each three paid. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, Sept. 11.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, Sept. 24. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, Sept. 29, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prizes. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £3,500 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

G T TH S FREE HELP In addition to valuable "Reasons Why" guidance, the "Crossword Gazette" provides Entry Squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free!

Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin on page 43.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 32—CLOSING FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1936.

J.B.32

J.B.32

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

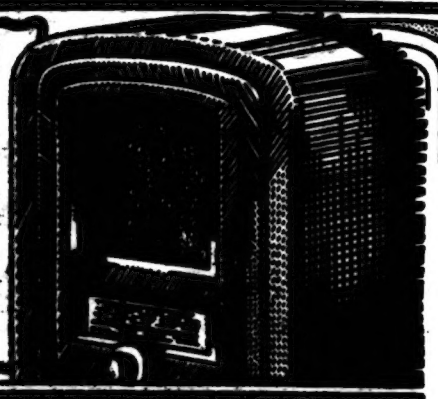
.....

—CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES—

ENTRY FEE For two squares, send P.O. for 6d.; for four squares, send 1s.; for six squares, send 1s. 6d., entitling you to enclose one FREE-ENTRY coupon bearing two extra squares.

DON'T FORGET YOUR FREE COUPON TWO FURTHER ENTRY FORMS ON OPPOSITE PAGE WITH

heads "JOHN BULL'S" ENORMOUS RADIO OFFER!



LUXURIOUS "FERRANTI" ALL-MAINS ALL-WAVE £9-9s RADIO

will be presented by "John Bull" with each Prize of £3 and over. For winners having no Electricity supply, Battery Radio will be available.

ADDED RADIO SURPRISE AWARDS — One for each Radio winner from whom "John Bull" receives four or more coupons (8 squares, including 2 free) in same envelope.

Closing... FRIDAY SEPT. 11

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

KEEP YOUR COPIES HERE.

These miniature reproductions of "John Bull's" Crossword Squares are for your copies only and will NOT be accepted as entries.

J.B.32

J.B.32

J.B.32

J.B.32

J.B.32

J.B.32

FREE COUPON

The two entry squares on this fourth coupon are Free, provided it is enclosed in the same envelope with three other paid (or prize) coupons from same entrant.

AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL FRIDAY SEPT. 11.

J.B.32

J.B.32

GET THE "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" COUPON ON PAGE 48.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 32—CLOSING FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1936

J.B.32

J.B.32

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 32—CLOSING FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1936

J.B.32

J.B.32

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 6 Squares 1s. 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 32, and if used as directed with 3 paid-entry or prize Coupons

J.B.32

J.B.32

FREE COUPON for use as directed

I enclose THREE paid-entry or prize coupons for Crossword No. 32 and claim this FREE ENTRY accordingly. I agree to all rules and conditions.

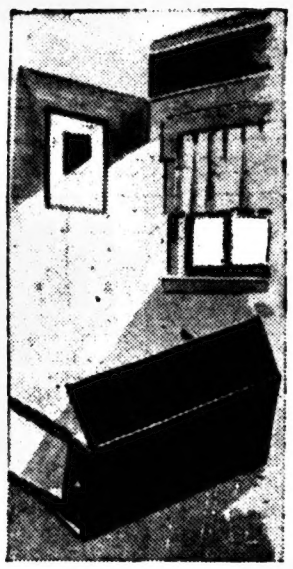
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY:—"JOHN BULL" Crossword No. 32
57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

A Kitchen TRAGEDY



IN an instant it had happened. She was standing on the kitchen table dusting the walls. Concentrating on her task she stepped too much on one side of the table. It tilted, swayed precariously, and overturned.

This tragedy, stark and terrible, came to the house of Mrs. McHoull, of 25, Brewland Street, Galston, Ayrshire. Despite everything possible being done for her, she died from her injuries.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE.

As Mrs. McHoull was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50, the Benefit provided for fatal home accidents by "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift, has been promptly sent. Benefit for Home Accidents is but one of the many invaluable features of "John Bull's" Insurance Gift. "John Bull" also makes generous provision for accidents on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, and —an especial boon to parents—Children's Accidents.

BUT THERE'S STILL MORE.

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest and the ONLY paper to pay Sickness Benefit.

During the past week "John Bull" distributed no less than £706 4s. 3d. to registered readers or their dependents as follows:—

Household & Sickness Benefits - £462 14 3
Accident Benefits —Adults - - £87 10 0
Accident Benefits —Children - £156 0 0

One registration covers husband, wife, home and children (over six and under fifteen).

If you have not yet secured this unique protection fill up the forms below TO-DAY.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 29/8/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

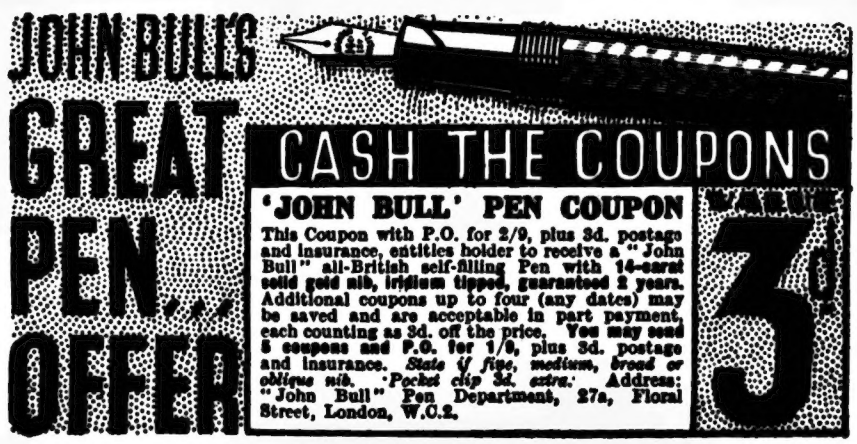
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 29/8/36

Has your front door a knocker?

Sounds a stupid question, doesn't it? But you'll alter your opinion when you know that you can use your door knocker to save time and money. Thousands of readers have already found out how to do it by sending for bargains advertised in "John Bull's" "Shop Window." They know that they will get what is described, and they also know that when the postman knocks and delivers, a bargain is certain to be unpacked.

Whenever you hear a knock at your door, think of the thousands of welcome knocks which are announcing the delivery of a bargain from "John Bull's" "Shop Window." Rat-tat, rat-tat! You'll want to hear that welcome sound yourself after you have seen pages 2 and 3. Turn over NOW!


JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN...
OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. 'Pocket clip 3d. extra.' Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
3d

Hairdresser's "SNIP" ADDS £500 to his TAKINGS

SOUTH 3309 is already one of Birmingham's busy telephone numbers, reports a JOHN BULL man, but I fancy it will soon be busier.

It belongs to the efficient little hairdressing business conducted at No. 214, Alcester Road, Moseley, by Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Burley. And now that Birmingham women "Bulleteers" can ring up for a trim, set, shampoo or wave, with suggestions for a short cut to *Bullets* success thrown in, I can see that little business growing apace.

If Mr. Burley's First Prize success in our *Bullets* 1,038th Competition does increase the success of this young couple's business, it will be no more than they deserve.

It has taken them eight years of hard work to become firmly established and, although they have both known anxiety and weariness, neither wasted time on worrying. When not attending to customers, Mrs. Burley busied herself with housework, and her husband, to fill in the gaps between appointments, spent the time filling up *Bullets* coupons.

For ten years this 29-year-old competitor kept on with his favourite hobby. And now his perseverance has met with a magnificent reward—a £500-plus-Holiday First Prize for his neat and telling effort, WAR AFTER WAR — WILL "GUNS EVER STOP"?

* * *

"It was just a matter of two minutes' thinking," he told me, when I congratulated him on his success. "That was the last *Bullet* I made before going to bed that night. I worked straight from the *Example* as usual, jotted down a few words and got my double meaning in a flash."

With Mr. Burley's £500 went the attractive opportunity of a Seven-day Holiday Tour for Two, but as he and his wife decided that it would be impossible for them to leave their business, JOHN BULL arranged an additional cash payment instead.

"It is a pity we cannot take the Holiday Tour," this First Prize-winner remarked, "but it will be glorious to know that we will have ample money for week-end trips and a good sum in the bank for the future.

"In gaining that fine sense of security, I have to thank *Bullets Bulletin* for its constant help," he continued. "I have been particularly encouraged by its recent series of articles by winners of 100 *Bullets* prizes.

"I am nearly a 'Centurion' myself," he added, "for my First Prize was my 90th award. My first attempts at *Bullets* were made more than ten years ago. I have had many more blank weeks than successful ones, but the interest of thinking out a 'good un' has always kept me plodding on.

"This year I have only won ten minor prizes," Mr. Burley went on to tell me, "and I was really beginning to think that I had lost the knack of producing the right sort of effort. Then along came the *Example* that suggested my £500 *Bullet*."

* * *

A list of 36 interesting *Examples* awaits you on the opposite page. With one of them some entrant is going to make a *Bullet* which will win £500 and a Radio Pension. That splendid 2-in-1 First Prize may well be yours—*if you try!*

SIX WISE MEN

The young hairdresser whose First Prize triumph is described on this page, the prison officer who won the week before, the salesman who won before him—in fact, all the last six *Bullets* First Prize-winners—have testified that they gained their big successes largely through the free guidance of *Bullets Bulletin*.

Published solely to help would-be winners, *Bullets Bulletin* can be yours at the mere cost of its ½d. postage. Filled with encouraging hints, constructive criticisms and the latest news of big winners, this bright little weekly is an indispensable guide to the prize-list.

Fill up the Easy Reservation Coupon on the opposite page and enclose it with your entry for this week's fine Offer of 50 Cash-plus-Radio prizes.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,039.

First Prize, £500 plus Brooklands Drive as announced:
E. MORTIMER, 137, St. Stephen's Road, Bradford.

Example: WITHOUT A PENNY
Bullet: DIFFICULT "PRISING" OPPORTUNITY'S "LID."

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

A. V. PEGG, 53 Rescoe Road, Billingham, Co. Durham.
Example: Adversity's Sword
Bullet: Flashed—My "Jewel" Shone.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

H. A. TURNER, "Colville," Colville Grove, Sale, Ches.
Example: Uncharted Sea
Bullet: Then "New World"—Motherhood.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: Mrs. I. FRASER, 66, Rosemount, Via Aberdeen, N.B.
To Keep The Pot Boiling—"Take Yourself Off" Occasionally.

£18: W. J. WILLIAMS, 17, Station Road, Camberwell, S.E.
Men Who Want—Little, Have "Grasped Much."

£16: W. E. PLATT, 24, Kingswood Avenue, Waterloo, Liverpool.
"Wake Up!"—Said Boss—Doctor, "Rest!" (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£14: W. G. HAYES, "Montlhery," First Lane, Hessle, Yorks.
Modern House—"Far From" Workman's Job. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£12: C. F. EXLEY, 17, Ayresome Avenue, Leeds.
Adversity's Sword—Blunted By "Tough Luck!"

£10: E. A. ROSSELL, 101, Wilford Road, Ruddington, Notts.
Slogan For Geneva—"Effective, If Active!"

£9: Miss N. K. MURRAY, 102, St. George's Road, Aldershot
Out—Self, When Love "Umpires."

£8: Mrs. P. JAMES, 42, Hastings Road, Maidstone, Kent.
Uncharted Sea—And "Wrecker's Lantern," Re-armament.

£7: A. ANDREW, "Westbourn," Ellesmere Road, Forest Town, Mansfield.
Disappointing—Or Encouraging, Poor Recruiting?

£6: W. G. STANLEY, 23, Langdon Park Road, Highgate, N.
Having One—"Mind." League Would "Matter."

£5: D. CONNOLLY, 2, Jamesville, Ballintemple, Cork.
Caused A Hitch—Diplomats Reached A Decision!

6 of £4 each:

Mrs. E. BAKER, 228, Markhouse Road, Walthamstow, E.
Britain's Danger—Starvation—Until Father's Fed!

C. BISHOP, 26, Hamilton Road, Brighton.
Tired And Aching—With Rheumatism, Cricketers Now!

D. M. DORCAN, Pentreath Cottage, Melyd Avenue, Prestatyn.
Little Gentleman—Sonny—Little Surprised, Mother.

J. W. LEIGH, 9, Strathaird Avenue, Walney Isle, Barrow-in-Furness.
Something To Cherish—"Moment" I Met Her.

W. LITTLE 12, Eaton Drive, Romford.
Dad's Bees—Then Swarmed On Bandages!

H. W. WILMSHURST, 44, Islingwood Place, Brighton.
Bringing In The Sheaves—Farmers—For Sun-ray Treatment!

Each of the above winners up to £50 will also receive a "Kodak" Camera, as will 6 of £3 and 25 of £2. A list of these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at these offices.

JOHN BULL
RADIO SHOW
with
50
HUGE £500 FIRST PRIZE
£500
Cash Plus RADIO PENSION
As "Bullets" Radio Pensioner you will receive a £9-19-6 "Ultra" model at once—and any new radio, value up to £10, every two years for life.
YOUR SUPERB "ULTRA" RADIO
will be the new All-make Superhet model, in an exquisite Walnut Cabinet, first seen at this year's Radio Exhibition. Single-knob tuning, illuminated dial and many other refinements combine to make this instrument one of the finest ever offered in "Bullets." Battery Model can be substituted where required.
VALUE £9-19-6
49 OTHER BIG DOUBLE PRIZES
£50 PLUS RADIO
£25 PLUS RADIO
£20 PLUS RADIO
£15 PLUS RADIO
£10 PLUS RADIO
£9 PLUS RADIO
£5 PLUS RADIO
£4 PLUS RADIO
£3 PLUS RADIO
12 of £2-10 PLUS RADIO
25 of £1-10 PLUS RADIO
500 of 2s. 6d.
3,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS"
5,000 "STAR TARGETS"
1043
FINE CASH-plus-RADIO PRIZES . . This Week Only!

BE QUICK WITH YOUR "BULLETS" FOR GREAT £1,300 RADIO OFFER!

HEADING the splendid prize-list before you to-day, which continues *Bullets* sensational autumn Radio campaign, you will find a magnificent Fortune-plus-Radio Pension First Prize.

Yes, beat all your rivals in this great one-week Offer and, besides receiving a £500 fortune, you will become a *Bullets* Radio Pensioner, entitled to receive a £9 19s. 6d. "Ultra" model at once and have it replaced by any new Radio up to £10 in value every two years for the rest of your life!

This remarkable 2-in-1 First is followed by a big batch of further Cash-plus-Radio prizes. Each of the next 49 winners will receive, besides a JOHN BULL cheque, a superb £9 19s. 6d. "Ultra" Radio.

With winter on the way, what could be more welcome than one of these first-class Radios to provide entertainment and a bumper JOHN BULL cheque to supply extra comforts? Both can be yours if you make good use of the coupons and *Examples* on this page.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

WHEN settling down to make up your *Bullets*, start by reading through the *Examples* and writing down a few that interest you particularly. You will soon find that your chosen *Examples* will suggest various comments to your mind; make a note of those ideas in their rough form and you will have taken the first step to the prize-list.

Now each of your completed efforts must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment closely linked to the selected *Example*. Your next step, therefore, is to prune and polish your first rough jotting into a sparkling *Bullet*. Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, MAN WHO WAITS, you had scribbled the rough note, *His Chance, Gets Nowhere*. This you could easily turn into the typical *Bullet*, MAN WHO WAITS—FOR OPPORTUNITY—FAILURE AWAITS.

Before starting on your own efforts, notice the good points of the winning *Bullets* in our 1,039th Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* without delay, remembering that your entry *must* reach the judges by Saturday, September 5.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

AUTUMN'S HERE, SO
HAVING A LEAN TIME
ON LIFE'S SWITCHBACK
OUR TODDLER
MADE A BEE-LINE FOR
MAN WHO WAITS
CARRIES NO WEIGHT
CHILDISH
IN INDUSTRY
WARMING UP
OPEN YOUR WINDOWS AND
THANKS TO NURSE
SURROUNDED
TO GUARD HER
HE'D GOOD INTENTIONS, BUT
BEFORE THE JUDGE
TAKEN DOWN
RANG THE BELL
"HAD ENOUGH?"
INHUMAN MONSTER
YOUNG PUPPY
SHE'S REFUSED HIM, SO
TWISTING AND TURNING
COMING A CROPPER
HALF-HEARTEDLY
KNITTING
MONEY FOR JAM
ROWDY LOT
EASY TO SEE
ON TOUR
FRIENDS AGAIN
IN THE DEPTHS
WHEN SHE RETURNS
UP AGAINST IT
TO KEEP ORDER
DOESN'T HELP

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of postage must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,043) Closing SAT., Sept. 5. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,043) Closing SAT., Sept. 5. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,043) Closing SAT., Sept. 5. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,043) Closing SAT., Sept. 5. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,043) Closing SAT., Sept. 5. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" or use Advertiser's coupon on back page, write efforts on plain paper.

The original cheque for £408 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,033 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Craig, Moseley Village, Birmingham.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,043 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,043, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs **4d.** per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs **5/6** per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever been. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"

FIANCÉE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume, I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6 as I paid for other soaps which were not as good, and the lovely perfume comes from the Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beautiful soap, originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Zee-Kol Pills together with the use of Zee-Kol Soap keep one perfectly slim and in perfect health. The skin will radiate health. The Zee-Kol Soap puts the natural oils after washing. Zee-Kol Pills are sold, price 1/3 and 3/- per box.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from:

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 514), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH

SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN 2 MINUTES WITH SHAVEX

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave! Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness and the smoothest that can be used on the face. Made of Chrome-Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money Back if disappointed and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in **6d., 1/- & 1/6** Tubes and **1/6** Pots

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX. Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

Good Lord! It's impossible to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock. But since I've been using Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Play Fellows! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes! I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the used a Shavex Super Blade. I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Every morning I use razor to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.45 train. When I think of the old days and the time wasted, with my face all covered with soap lather, and the time it took me to shave, it is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody says how well and young I look. Try the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, but restores the natural oils; it makes and keeps the skin really beautiful, and is a perfect base for powder. It keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin.

Per Pot - - 1/-
Large Pot - 2/-
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

AT THE CASINO

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Nadie. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the world. She is Kabalian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.

BARBARA: Oh, darling! Do tell me what it is.

SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never used anything else for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.

BARBARA: That's wonderful. I shall not rest until I have got some.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. D 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol, and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.

The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Haemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Rubbed for Stiff Joints, rubbed in freely by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.14), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 2/-.

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